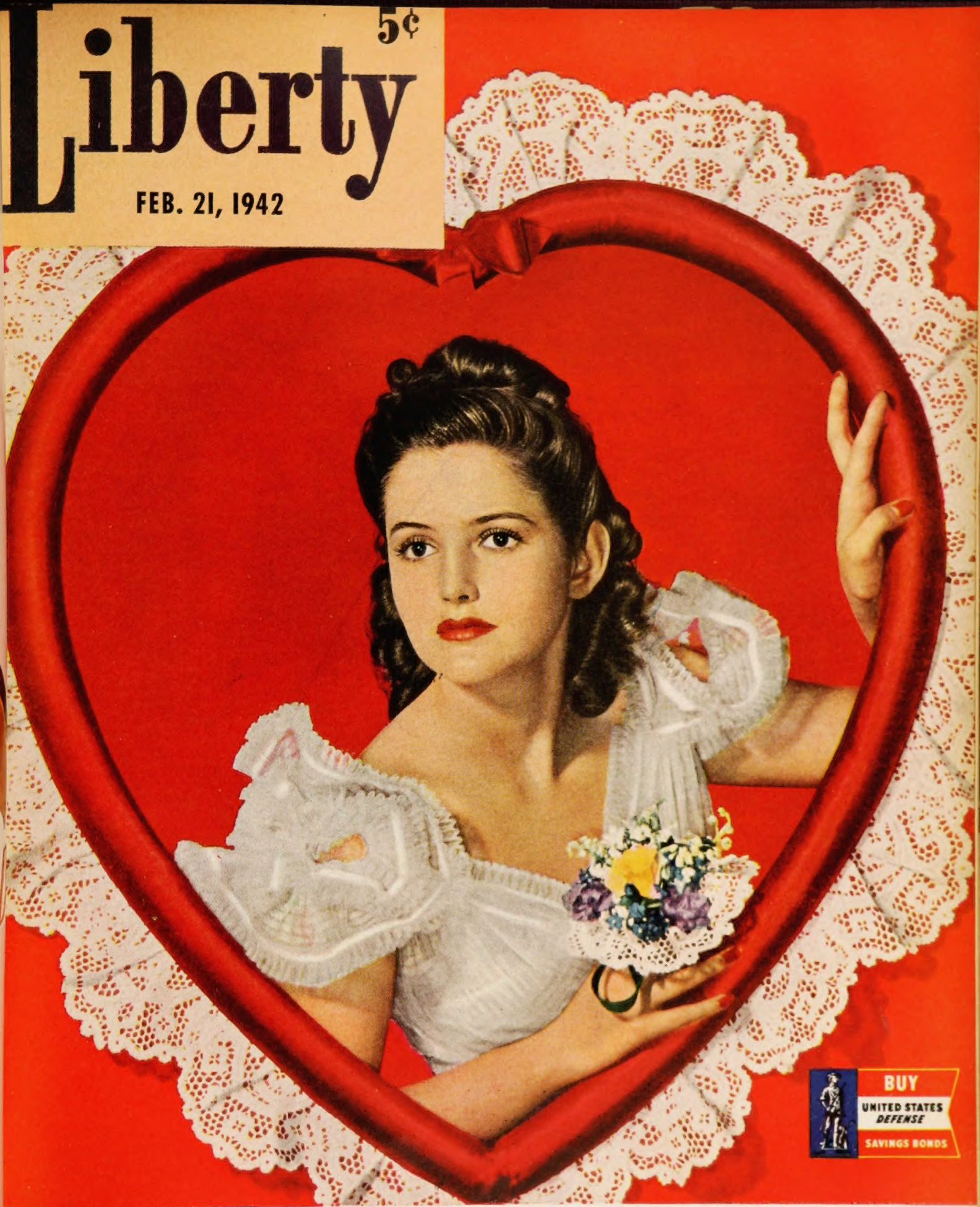
Liberty

5¢

FEB. 21, 1942



BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

STRANGE WOMAN: A Streamlined Version of a Great Best Seller

SCIENCE LOOKS AT THE HEALINGS OF LOURDES

Next time try Glenmore...

IT'S KENTUCKY'S MILDEST BOURBON!

GLENMORE BOTTLED IN BOND

Glenmore is also available in Bottled in Bond—100 proof.

Copr., 1942
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

Do You see a Child?
No, I see the Future of America.

What—in this Little Girl?
Yes, and in the Woman She Will Be.

We see her True and Helpful and Smiling —with a Smile that owes much to her lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

IN THIS serious young face you can see the hopes of an adoring mother—a proud father. Serious or smiling, that small face is all their world—present and future. How grateful such parents must be to the teachers of America who are doing so much to bring such youngsters to the years ahead, strong in mind, sturdy in body and—*smiling!*

Yes, smiling! For in schools all over this land, devoted teachers* are giving time to the dental health of their charges as well as to their mental growth. In thousands of classrooms throughout the country, youngsters are being taught a lesson many adults have yet to learn—*the importance of firm, healthy gums* to bright teeth and sparkling, attractive smiles.

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* It may not be serious—but let him decide. He may simply say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of natural exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle" means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

So get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

"The voice of the people"

HOW-TO-BEAT-THE-AXIS DEPARTMENT

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Let's call the new daylight saving time "defense time." —*Nancy Garson.*

SOLDIERS' HOME, GRAND ISLAND, NEB.—This is a suggestion to the officials and locomotive engineers of all railroads.

Instead of blowing the time-honored crossing warning —— —— — ——, why not change it to — — — ——, thus having our "Victory V" continually on the air?—*Marion E. Bell.*

INDEPENDENCE, CALIF.—I enjoyed Liberty's stories about Hitler's life, because I got so mad every time I saw the headlines that I went out and bought some more defense stamps. Could we have some good "dirt" about the heads of the Japanese government, so we would go out and buy bonds?—*Marion Brumbaugh.*

TRYING TO SOLVE A RUSSIAN

RACINE, WIS.—Glad that even so able a biographer as Emil Ludwig admits he can't figure Stalin out. Ludwig, however, has written brilliantly on this hazy figure.

In trying to solve a Russian, you are in the position of a baker who went crazy trying to cheat on the doughnuts—the larger he made the holes, the more dough it took to go around them.

Two years ago I would have stopped buying Liberty if you had given so much space to the Soviets. I am still for the Red, White, and Blue—with not too much emphasis on the Red, please.—*Morton L. Grande.*

THE LETTERS ARE STILL COMING!

OSWEGO, N. Y.—We have read your magazine from cover to cover for years. Our oldest boy sells fifty-five copies a week. Now, because 1924 meant a lot to us, we want to point out a mistake.

In January 17 To the Ladies, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin says: "It's been 450 years since the numerals 1, 9, 4, and 2 headed our calendar. Last time was 1492." What became of 1924? We were married that year.—*Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Milden.*

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Milden, and Mr. and Mrs. America, Liberty has received 9421 letters about this. At least, it seems that many.

As nice a batch of letters as ever came in, too. One man signs off: "Yours for more such trivial mistakes. They make America's best magazine seem more human."—VOX POP ED.

TAYLORVILLE, ILL.—Kropotkin can't figger.

Of course, in fourteen ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.
And now in nineteen forty-two
An ocean trip we'd surely rue;
But, Princess dear, there is one more—
How about nineteen twenty-four?
—*Georgia Reams.*

FREE SPEECH AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS

EDENTON, N. C.—Liberty's January 17 editorial, We Are Still a Free People, causes me to exclaim "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" Article I of the Bill of Rights does not, as many think, confer freedom of speech and press; for these rights were deemed inalienable. This article does, however, expressly forbid Congress passing a law prohibiting the exercise thereof.

Let me quote Hamilton: "Why declare that things shall not be done which there is no power to do? Why, for instance, should it be said, that the liberty of the press shall be restrained when no power is given by which restrictions may be imposed? It is evident that such a provision would furnish, to men disposed to usurp, a plausible pretext for claiming that power."

He was opposed in his argument, and the result was a compromise: "Congress shall have no power," etc. Thus the Constitution, uniquely, limits the lawmaking powers of the lawmakers.—*T. L. Mitchell.*

TWIN FALLS, IDA.—Your editorial, We Are Still a Free People, was timely and to the point. The Bill of Rights doesn't necessarily ensure us liberty. We must continually practice and maintain it.—*Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Mills.*

SHERIDAN, ILL.—We Are Still a Free People is indeed a timely message. However, it appears to me you shift the responsibility of the President to some one else.

You state: "We can and do trust the President—but we hold a healthy distrust for the bureaucracy which must interpret his policies in action."

If the head of an organization appoints a department head, that person is subject to the head of the organization. Whatever act the Director of Censorship performs is by the approval of the President. —*D. S. Knight.*

YES. ALL INSULTS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED, MRS. ZIMMER

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I have always admired the way Liberty can take it from its disgruntled readers. I also admire the way you sometimes return it.

So, Vox Pop, take it and give it. All great men and publications grow bigger and better under fire.—*Mrs. Laurel A. Zimmer.*

THE PARADOX OF BEING AN AMERICAN ALIEN

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—American born, of American parents, I am a veteran of three years' overseas service with the Canadians in the first World War, in which I was wounded. After my return to the United States I was, like others, repatriated by a United States District Court.

After fifteen years' residence in California I returned to Canada at the outbreak of the present war and enlisted with the British Forces. Released after

Joe and His Genie

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Proving that *Sky Chief* gasoline starts *quick-as-a-wink!*

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT . . .
2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

FRED ALLEN: Every Wednesday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

METROPOLITAN OPERA: Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.

You, too, will get quick winter action from Texaco Sky Chief Gasoline

QUICK as a wink, Texaco *SKY CHIEF* Gasoline snaps into action on the coldest mornings. It warms up quickly to give you smooth, quiet winter performance. *It's a gasoline you can depend on in the coldest weather.*

Costing no more than other premium gasolines, *SKY CHIEF* is the gasoline for those who want the best. We believe you will find it the most satisfactory winter performer you have ever tried.

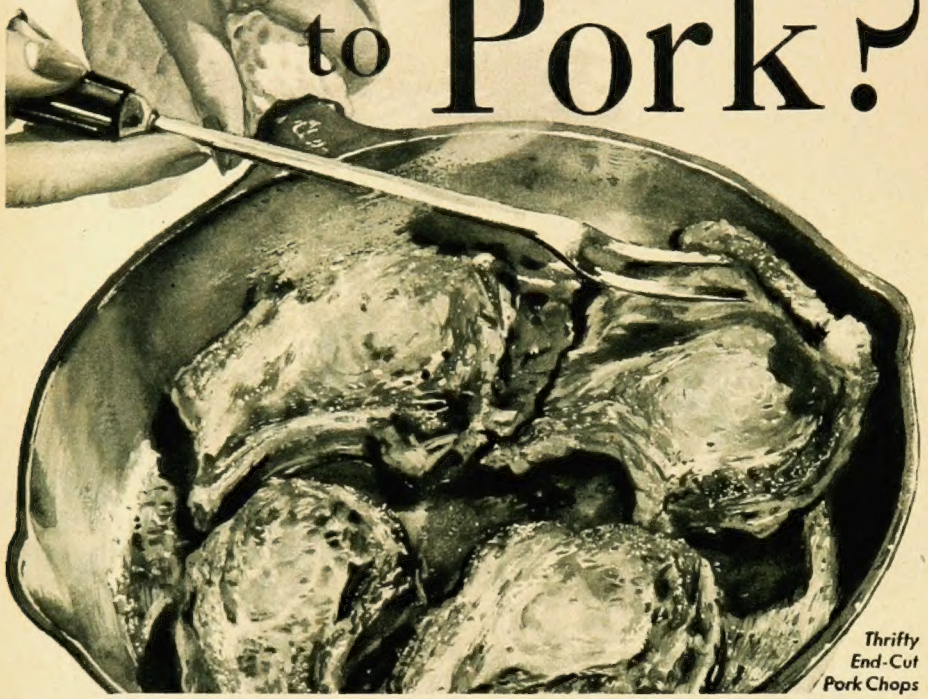
Try *SKY CHIEF* gasoline today. You'll find it at Texaco Dealers in all 48 States.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

Sky Chief is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

Do you know the B Vitamins *Natural* to Pork?



Thrifty End-Cut Pork Chops

Few are the foods that in one serving can give you so much of your daily requirement of thiamine (vitamin B_1) . . . Science now tells us that a serving of pork chops, well done as they should be, supplies an abundance of this vitamin . . . so essential for physical fitness and well-being.

THE B VITAMINS NATURAL TO PORK	
THIAMINE (B_1)	1.60 milligrams
RIBOFLAVIN (G or B_2)	.34 milligram
ANTI-PELLAGRA VITAMIN	11.0 milligrams

(The figures above are typical for ¼-pound edible portion before cooking)

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

Pork is not only rich in B vitamins (as the chart shows) but, like all meat, is rich in complete, high quality proteins needed for tissue building and repair.

Pork contains essential minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus) . . . Pork supplies fuel and energy for work and play . . . Pork is 96 to 98 per cent digestible.

(Remember, these proteins, vitamins and minerals are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent —they must be supplied daily in the foods you eat.)

All pork—fresh or smoked—contains these same B vitamins, proteins and minerals.

The showcases in your meat market are brimming with interesting pork cuts, not only the familiar roasts and chops but such cuts as hocks, spareribs, end-cut chops and ham shanks that make such thrifty and welcome dishes.

Send for the new 48-page purse-size handbook of thriftier cuts of meat—what to ask for, how to prepare them. A buying and cooking guide to more than 80 thrifty cuts. Just send 5 cents in coin to Dept. P.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

several months' service with an honorable discharge, I returned to California.

To my dismay, I discover that now, with the nation at war, I cannot secure employment with any firm holding defense contracts because, though possessing a United States birth certificate, I am held to be an alien. As a trained engineer and technician I could be most useful in many plants in industry, but, ironically enough, I cannot make or help make planes and ships for Britain because I fought for Britain! The Department of Justice and the Attorney General's office in Washington inform me that I can't help in the war because I fought in the war—citing as authority the Immigration Act of 1907!—*Duncan McKnight.*

Disconcerting if true, Mr. McKnight—but this is something to note: Field Representative Eugene Davidson of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice recently called the attention of employers to a "rather widespread misconception of the law with respect to the employment of aliens."

"There is no law which prevents the employment of an alien," he said. "The only restriction is that in confidential and secret war work the employment of an alien must first be approved by the Secretary of War or the Navy."—Vox Pop Ed.

WELL, GENTLE READERS, MAKE UP YOUR MINDS

Los Angeles, Calif.—Although an old reader, I am making my first complaint to your usually swell mag. Why all the feminine stuff of late? Seems you should have more masculine interests.

I am speaking for more people than just myself—so stick this in print and see if you don't receive letters "dittoing" mine.—*Richard McFall.*

Racine, Wis.—We have been buying Liberty for about twelve years and now I'm not going to buy it any more. All your stories are about men and war. Why don't you have some more real good stories by Faith Baldwin and Grace Perkins?—*Mrs. A. L. Frank.*

WISH WE COULD THINK OF 51 OTHER COVERS AS POPULAR

Los Angeles, Calif.—Thank you for the calendar which was the cover of your January 10 issue! The patriotic colors make it the most attractive 1942 calendar I have seen.—*Mrs. Helen Widoff.*

Aurora, Ill.—I have not been a reader of Liberty.

Recently I noticed the January 10 issue with the calendar cover showing the twelve months. It is a calendar of the type I have wanted for years. It is now on the wall above my desk, to be enjoyed for the coming year.

I shall be a reader of Liberty from now on.—*F. Stanley Leverich.*

DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT OTHERWISE, IRVIN?

Alpena, Mich.—Every time I buy a Liberty I swear it will be the last. Most of the short stories and articles make me mad, and the special features and departments often give me a headache.

There must be an intangible something

about Liberty that makes me buy it week after week. What that intangible something is, search me. Anyway, it is irresistible, for when a new issue of Liberty appears on the newsstands I cannot resist buying it. You always get the nickel and I get mad, and how!—*Irvin H. Cady.*

EYES—AND AN AYE—FOR MR. BARNES

BRAINERD, MINN.—After reading the movie reviews of Howard Barnes, author of your feature Pictures You Ought to See, I'm convinced of what I suspected when I first saw his picture in Liberty some months ago—that Mr. Barnes is blind.—*Oren Stone.*

HOWARD BARNES

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Won't you print a picture of Howard Barnes with his eyes open, so he can see?—*Mildred Williamson.*

ELMIRA, N. Y.—More power to Howard Barnes! He tells us intelligently the things we want to know about pictures. Why not give him more space?—*Joseph King.*

ORCHID FOR MR. SCHISGALL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Congratulations to Oscar Schisgall for writing Some Day I'll Tell (January 17 Liberty). Truly a beautiful story—just as life should be!—*Len Frank.*

THE KIND OF MAIL AN EDITOR GETS

EVERETT, MASS.—Why don't you put the numbers of your pages at top instead of bottom?—*E. J. Dick.*

ASHTABULA, OHIO—I was wondering if you could make page numbers larger for us, as sometimes we don't have very good light to read by.—*Jack Lynch, night watchman.*

DENMARK, IA.—If you continue to give us condensed books, please do as you did with The Sun is My Undoing—place them in the center of the magazine, so the reader can extract them without disturbing other contents.—*Mrs. A. C. Humphrey.*

TIMBER LAKE, S. D.—In Elizabeth Goudge's By the Waters of Babylon (December 27 Liberty), when Joseph and Mary fled from Bethlehem to Egypt they "traveled toward the east for days." Egypt lies west from Palestine. Would it not be better if authors studied maps? —*Louis Lidstrom.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We shall be very happy when our subscription to Liberty expires next month.—*Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ton.*

Identical Usack Twins Prove

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

"It's fun being twins! So many unexpected things happen... like our recent test with tooth powders. Lorayne decided she'd use a well-known leading brand. I chose Pepsodent. What happened was simply amazing!"

"It was like wearing name plates! Pepsodent made my teeth *so much brighter* that people said they could easily tell us apart by our teeth! I never dreamed there was *that* much difference in tooth powders!"

"We Double-Dare you to tell us apart... we're both using Pepsodent now!"

USACK TWIN TEST AGAIN CONFIRMS THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Scenes like this illustrate climactic chapters in The Allison Story: *"The Air Corps is getting its Allisons. Getting them in the quantities asked. Getting them by the time set."*

"MISSION COMPLETED —AWAITING ORDERS"*

We tell you this story of Allison simply because we think you ought to know what is actually taking place in wartime production in America in the busy, talk-shy places where the work is done. It mirrors what goes on all over the country behind the scenes. There is in it, you will find, reason for all freedom-loving people to take heart and courage, for what we can do, others can and likewise are doing.

WE had a cornfield, a pear orchard —and an abundance of "can do" American spirit.

We had an engine we knew was "tops," some ideas on how to make it better, and the ambitious intention to put it in mass production.

But no one had ever built so marvelously fine an engine except piece by piece, one at a time, by hand.

No one had ever seen the kind of factory we needed — windowless, air conditioned, "blacked out" completely — where extremely precise work could go on uninterruptedly night and day.

No one had the super-standard, super-accurate machine tools called for, and there were only a couple of hundred trained men, where one day we would need thousands.

One thing more we had — a job that had to be done: *The Air Corps wanted Allisons. Lots of them. Fast!*

To make a two-year story short — the Air Corps is *getting* its Allisons.

Getting them in the quantities asked. Getting them by the time set.

Where the pear orchard stood, 1,000,000 square feet of modern factory space is in full production, busy night and day.

Where the cornshocks ranged, 12,000 skilled men expertly operate hundreds of machines more intricate than most of these men had ever seen up to a year ago.

From a hundred subcontractors scattered over the country come parts and subassemblies, in a smooth-flowing system of supply that had to be set up from scratch.

From our test cells are streaming out Allisons far better than the original pattern — to a goal many times the one first set — engines delivering 235 *more* horsepower each than was initially specified, achieved without change in engine size and with reduced weight per horsepower!

All of this means we have made good on our promises — have met our first objective.

Our first mission is completed: Production is rolling at peak capacity on schedule — already thousands of Allison engines are giving a magnificent account of themselves across the world.

We are proud of this, of course, for ourselves and especially for American industry of which we are a part.

For you can count on it, America! — what Allison has done and is doing is being repeated in factory after factory in this unmatchable land and will be repeated manyfold in months to come.

The task ahead of us all in this nation is vast and crucial — but it will be gloriously done.

Big as it is or may be, the job's in hand — devoted, driving, get-it-done effort is taking its measure — all we need now is more of the same!

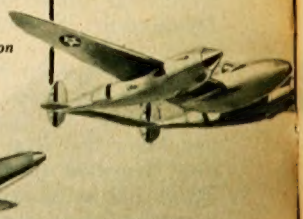
The following planes are all powered with the Allison liquid-cooled engine:

Curtiss P-40 (U.S.) *The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"*

Bell Airacobra *U. S. and British designation*

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U.S.) *The British call it "The Lightning"*

North American Apache (U.S.) *The British call it "The Mustang."*



LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

*Message from Indianapolis, December 17th, 1941

WE WOULD NOT CHANGE IT!

☆ AMERICA is rousing itself in all its might, but some of our critics say we are taking a long time about it.

"We always take too long," complained one critic recently. He was a citizen of the United States and considered himself a patriot. "Procrastination is not only the thief of time; it is the *angina pectoris,* the heart weakness of democracy. When Hitler wants a thing done, he gets it done! Can a democracy ever be as efficient as a totalitarian state?"

If he meant immediately and instantaneously effective, then the answer to that question is a resounding no.

But if he meant a long-range, total, and final effectiveness, then the democratic principle can in the end so organize itself that it becomes invincible, because it is based on the universal logic of truth and justice. These are not mere words. They are the essence of the whole cleavage between despotism and freedom.

Sure, if some German citizen is false to his trust, Hitler knows how to deal with him. Off with his head! Kill him, or send him to the concentration camp. And then go on, without pause, with a new man in the dead man's place. That, beyond question, is one way of getting things done.

The democracies are not nearly so prompt. They happen to believe in justice. They go on the assumption that every man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. The proving or disproving does take time. It slows up the process of getting things done. But what American would change it?

This spirit of careful procedure pervades all our other processes. Long months passed before Mr. Baruch was given his great appointment by President Wilson in the war of 1917-18. In the present war the delays were even more disturbing. For a time we functioned with the two-headed authority of Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman. The press of the United States, including Liberty Magazine, boldly criticized this Siamese-twin set-up for a job that required singleness of direction and power. Eventually the weakness became apparent even to those who had originally supported the plan. Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman now carry on with new opportunities for effectiveness and Donald Nelson becomes supreme production chief.

Meanwhile the Truman report exposes what are offered as dangerous leaks in our ship of state. No totalitarian government would do it that way. Senator Truman and the President have disagreed politically in the past, but no one stands in the way as the senator renders a report which contains shocking charges. In due time—and in time enough—those charges will be checked; those evils that exist will be corrected. Would any American change that?

Of course all such things take time. In Germany, either Mr. Truman's head would have been chopped off, or similar vengeance would have been visited on those he accused, forthwith and no democratic nonsense about it.

We Americans insist, even in wartime, on being free men and women. Just to be free takes time. But it is not time lost. It is really time gained; time in which people who love freedom so passionately that they persist in it under all circumstances may gather their united and invincible strength and loyalty to demolish all the foes of human liberty. It is hard for the totalitarian-minded to understand that.

And that is what we are doing, even though some may fret at the delays. Even now we are getting there. Free labor, without coercion, free management, and free industry unite more and more, day by day, in a supreme effort to arm and equip our free soldiers and sailors for their coming trial with the hosts of slavery. Slowly it may seem, but very surely, the work goes forward.

Let us not be dismayed in our hearts. Let us know that our progress is along our own way of life and leads surely to the victory that is final, permanent, and complete.

We would not have it otherwise.

FEBRUARY 21, 1942 · · · LIBERTY · · · VOLUME 19, NUMBER 8

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF

National Defense, LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD • Politics, WALTER KARIG • Boxing, JACK DEMPSEY • Theater, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Europe, ROBERT LOW • Industry & Finance, GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY • Books, DONALD L. GORDON • General Affairs, FREDERICK L. COLLINS Women's Interests, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN • Lexicography, DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK • Associate Editor, SHEPPARD BUTLER • Article Editor, OLIN H. CLARK Fiction Editor, MABEL SEARCH • Managing Editor, LEE PASQUIN

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NEW VISTAS FOR MANKIND AFTER

BY CHARLES F. KETTERING

Charles Franklin Kettering, better known as Boss Kett, is a vice-president of General Motors Corporation in charge of research. Born with an insatiable curiosity, the farm boy became the inventor of the Delco farm lighting system. He established a research laboratory in Dayton. Four years later it was taken over by General Motors Corporation. Out of his laboratory have come ethyl gasoline, duco finishes, crankcase ventilation, to mention only a few. Even more recently the two-cycle Diesel engines which power the streamlined trains were developed by his laboratory. As important, if not more so, are Boss Kett's contributions in other fields. He is the inventor of the fever machine, which gives promise of cures once considered hopeless. He supports research projects in colleges. He is one of the trustees of Antioch College. Awards and recognitions have come his way over and over.

Mr. Kettering is a great American who avoids the limelight.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ A GOOD many years ago I was driving down in Kentucky, and happened to arrive at a railroad crossing where there had been an accident in which a railroad train had hit the rear end of a buggy and had injured one of the occupants. The occupants were a mother and daughter.

My party volunteered, at the request of the railroad conductor, to take the woman and the injured daughter about five or six miles to a small town where the wound could be dressed. The doctor looked at the patient and said:

"I think I'll give this girl an anesthetic."

"What's that?" asked the mother.

"That's something so she won't feel the pain when I sew the wound."

"You can't do that," protested the old lady. "I hain't never heard of it."

We are all today very much in the position of that old lady. If we ain't heard of it, it hain't.

I believe there is an awful lot we haven't heard about. We have only begun to knock a few chips from the great quarry of knowledge that has been given to us to dig out and use. I believe that, with the proper spirit of optimism, we can learn many valuable lessons from the very things that are actively trying to upset our way of life and undermine our sovereignty. I want to make it clear that I do not approve of war. Nothing that was ever gained from a war was ever worth the price it cost in human life and happiness. But I do believe that, since war has been thrust upon us, we should fight like blazes and keep our eyes open to see what good we can possibly accomplish in spite of it.

We are in the war now. We are in it all the way, and the reason we are in it is not anything that you or I have ever thought about or promoted. We are going to have to overcome the effect of a man who thought a certain way, and we are going to have to get back from where we slipped off the side of the road, or he slipped us off the side of the road.

It isn't our fault that one man—and this should be a great inspiration to every young fellow in the world—that one man without even the advantage of a college education is controlling the thinking of 90 per cent of all the people in the world. That shows you what you can do; that shows you what opportunities there are—if you like opportunities of that kind.

Out of every one of these things that cause us to get off the beaten path we are going to learn unexpected lessons, because great steps in human progress are made by things that don't work the way philosophy says they ought to work. You could write the history of the world from now on if they would work the way they looked as though they should; but they won't, and it is those deviations from the normal, as we call them, that make human progress.

Let me give you an example from my own experience.

At one time, motorists in Canada had some trouble with the differentials sticking. So we started to work, trying to find out what caused the trouble. For one thing, we developed a testing machine, and with that testing machine we proved that all the tables that the lubricating people had put out for years were correct. But I had never been happy about what we thought about lubricating oils. So I said:

"Now, I am going to put a problem up to you men on this basis: Suppose that this machine belonged to an enemy, and this enemy could kill you and your family and destroy everything that is dear to you with it. The only thing that you have a chance to do is to provide the lubricant for it. What is the worst lubricant in the world that you can think of? That is all you have got to do—think of the worst one in the world."

So one of our boys came around and said, "I've got it." He named a certain chemical. It was almost the same thing they put you under in the operating room at the hospital. If you poured it into your hand, it would evaporate, so you couldn't put it into the bearings as an oil at all, or as a liquid. It had to go in as a gas.

"Now, before we set up the experiment," I said, "we ought to get up a little pool on how much of a percentage factor the enemy has. Has he got a 1-per-cent, 2-per-cent, or 3-per-cent chance to kill you? Or, to put it another way, how many pounds will this stuff carry?"

Each fellow wrote down on the blackboard what he thought was a reasonable figure. The highest quality regular oil had carried 6,000 pounds on a certain scale. So what would this stuff that had no viscosity at all, that would just blow away like a vapor, what would it carry? I think the most nerve that any of our boys had was 3,000 pounds.

Well, we started up the machine and shot this zero-viscosity material into the bearing—and, to make the long story short, we ran out of weights at 30,000 pounds. In other words, this gas was carrying five or six times as much load as the best lubricant that anybody ever knew. That is the basis of the so-called extreme pressure lubricants in the hypoid gears in your automobile.

THE WAR

So don't think that all of this war effort that makes us get out of the beaten path and have to strain a little bit is a total loss, because it isn't. The greatest thing that we have to learn is to keep looking forward, and keep the idea that there is no specific terminal point to what can be accomplished, because there are so many things we don't know anything at all about that it is going to keep us busy for years just finding out about them.

We are too apt to feel that we have arrived at a destination. There are no final destinations in human affairs. There may be some day, but not in this generation, because we know so little that you can't arrive at any finale; in fact, it may take one hundred thousand or a million years, and then maybe somebody will find out he forgot something.

Now, I belong to a group of people known as research engineers. We are sometimes called nuts, sometimes highbrows. I say we live on the front line of failure; 99 per cent of the things we do won't work. So we get a somewhat different attitude toward new things. Somebody comes along with a suggestion, and we say:

"Well, it may sound cockeyed, but we'll have a try at it and see if the thinking is straight."

The research fellow lives on the border line between something that works and something that just doesn't quite work, and his business is to locate the difficulty. He is looking ahead. He is thinking of the future. But most people think in terms of the past, and that is why it sometimes takes something big, such as a war, to get us out of a rut.

Again, it is not altogether our fault that we live so much in the past. It's a part of the system under which we are educated. Every educational organization has a department of history, and we are continually studying history. Now, what can you do about something that happened as little as a couple of days ago? You simply can't do anything about it. It is gone. You can't help it at all.

If we drove automobiles the same way we manage our lives, we would have the steering wheel facing out the back window, and we would be viewing where we came from instead of paying attention to where we were heading. We would be like the dodo bird who flies backward because he wants to see where he came from. That is one of the reasons for the trouble we are in right now. So I want to set up a new department. I want to put it into all the schools. It is the thing that means exactly the opposite of history. What should its name be? I object to *hysterics*.

As it is, when some very fine technically educated man comes to join our organization, we say, "There are two shocks you have to withstand when you come to work for us. One is the extreme simplicity and commonplace problems on which we work, and the other is the fact that you can't find anything about them in the books."

As an illustration, we say one of the problems we have been working on for many years is why our hands get warm when we rub them together. Everybody knows right away what that is. The reason your hands get warm when you rub them together, they say, is friction. Then we try to find out what friction is, and after some twenty-five or thirty minutes of learned discussion we finally agree that friction is the thing that makes your hands warm when you rub them together. And there is nothing in the books to tell you any more about it.

The question of bearings is one of the greatest of those brought on by the development of internal-combustion engines used in the present war, such as the Allison, Pratt & Whitney, and Wright engines: the simple thing of what happens when you try to rub two surfaces together or move two surfaces over each other. We have bearings which do a very good job, but we are not sure we know why they do it. Some types carry four or five times as much load as others, even though they are made of the same materials. The physical treatment and process of manufacture make a great difference. So we know *how* to make a good bearing, and we will soon know *why*.

Even forward-looking researchers can't be expected to answer some questions right away. Take our effort to find out what makes grass green, and how. After fourteen years we think we know the "what," but it may take another fourteen to arrive at the "how." We can be sure that much of what we learned in the first World War has still to be applied successfully to the arts of peace, and, by the same token, the work we are doing now will show its effects little by little for generations to come.

It was the first World War that started us on the present era of air transportation. Until we were faced with the necessity of using planes for combat purposes, we didn't know much about making them or running them—even though it was thirty-eight years ago the 17th of last December that the Wright Brothers made the first successful flight in a heavier-than-air machine propelled with power.

You remember that the Wright boys had been working for a long while, and when they flew for twelve seconds and for 120 feet, they naturally felt very greatly impressed. So they sent their sister Katherine, who lived in Dayton, a telegram which said, "We have made a successful flight in a heavier-than-air machine, propelled by a gasoline engine. We are very happy, and will be home for Christmas."

When she got the telegram, she called up one of the local newspapers —I won't mention which one it was— and the telephone rang and rang without any one paying any attention to it, because all hands were playing pinochle. Finally one fellow answered it, and he said, "Yes," and she read him the telegram. She thought he would be thrilled to know that the boys had flown. Finally he said, "Well, I'm glad to hear the boys are going to get home for Christmas"—and hung up the telephone.

That is what people thought about flying thirty-eight years ago. But today, due chiefly to the intensified aerial warfare, the airplane has become a controlling factor, perhaps *the* controlling factor, in the social, political, and economic life of the whole world.

Now, as I say, we are all the time trying to arrive at a finale. We say, "Well, this is the end."

A good many years ago we started to study a few things about what happens when a mixture of gasoline and

(Continued on page 43)

"These are the times that try men's souls"—and their genius.

Rejecting the dictator creed that war is good, we must recognize that all of mankind's crises bring their compensations. From war and its grim necessities spring new products of man's ingenuity.

Today we ration rubber and tin; tomorrow we will produce their substitutes in abundance, and free ourselves from the jungles of Malaya. Today we need more wool, dyestuffs, countless things we took for granted. But over the horizon lie their substitutes.

There is a quality in a great people that makes them exceed themselves. *This quality was never more* evident than in the last war. A catastrophe, but it gave us radio as a great industry, photography as a great art, rayon as a great basic ingredient, miraculous advances in medicine and surgery, new techniques of mass production, unlimited dreams of the scope of aviation.

America is a nation that must and will have comfort and beauty. America will have tires for its millions of wheels, metals for its industries, the abundant life for its people.

Out of this new tragedy we shall emerge a self-sustaining people. We *shall* create "substitutes" far better than their "models."

This is Mr. Kettering's message—a message based on the past, bringing a guaranty for the future.

"I'm going to leave all my wedding presents," said Mrs. Albright. "I don't want them." It turned out that I didn't want them, either.

PLEASE FORWARD THE JOHNSONS' MAIL

Four mortals learn a perilous lesson in love—Beware too much honeymoon!

BY DECLA DUNNING

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ IT wasn't a home, it was a fantasy. A lot of people in New York have apartments that look as though normal healthy human beings were living in them—apartments with wood-burning fireplaces and recognizable chairs and twin beds and a real kitchen. But we didn't. We had a place done up in mirrors and silver wallpaper and old Chinese pottery horses and a view of the river. That was how we excused ourselves later—that view of the river. Kenny wouldn't admit, and neither would I, that our madness had been the probable result of overfatigue and two Martinis.

We signed a lease, too. The lease said two years, and Mrs. Albright, who owned the apartment, echoed this stipulation.

"Two years," she said; and I, being sentimental after two Martinis and remembering that the real-estate agent had told me Mrs. Albright was a bride of twelve months and was about to become a divorcee, felt dimly grieved.

Mrs. Albright was slight and pretty and pale. She looked as though she had been crying. ("Incompatibility," had been the verdict of the real-estate agent, who was irritatingly well informed about everything.) "I'm going to leave all my silver and crystal and wedding presents," said Mrs. Albright. "I don't want them."

It turned out that I didn't want them, either. The kitchen, which had undoubtedly been an afterthought in the architect's mind, hadn't enough space for pots and pans, much less silver and crystal and wedding presents. They had to be there, though, for there was no other place. One of the features of the advanced sophistication of the apartment was that things like radio, phonograph, telephone, etc., were concealed, and that there was no room left to conceal the things which should have been concealed.

We did not consider a problem as humdrum as this the day we signed the lease. We had been married four years, and everything we had done in four years had a magic authority. We were new to New York; but that, too, seemed part of the plan. Kenny had acquired the district rights to Phonoseal and we were going to be rich. We wouldn't have to be cautious about money any more, or weigh the pros and cons of starting a family. Everything was going to be wonderful.

"May I offer you a drink?" Mrs. Albright asked, and we didn't mention the Martinis we'd had already. She murmured, "Fine," to our affirmative silence, and she went over to the wall and pushed a button, and out sprang a small portable bar from the paneling. There was never anything like *this* in Valley Spring, Ohio.

If Mrs. Albright considered us awkwardly awed, she was polite enough to hide it. "My decorator thought up everything," she said.

"I bet you gave him his ideas," Kenny protested, but she shook her head. "Not at all." Then she smiled wanly. "Well, I told him that we had just been married, and that I would like to have my apartment as pretty as possible—and as romantic." And then she told us what the real-estate agent had already told us. About the divorce, I mean.

We moved in two mornings later. The river, framed by the square drapery-weighted window of the living room, was an improbable stage setting. The Queensborough Bridge, almost mystical at dusk, had become a heavy steel thoroughfare for noisy traffic. The prison across the river looked just what it was.

Our first evening began rather gaily with me trying out a steak in the broiler of our very small stove. When it came to setting the table for dinner, there wasn't any table to set. There were two small mirrored tables in the foyer, and I guess the idea was to push them together, and I did that. Kenny came out of the living room and swore at the two spindly mirrored things, and laughed.

"You don't expect me to eat *there*, do you?" he asked.

Contrasting Kenny's size with this fragile set-up, I realized that I didn't expect him to. I put dinner on trays and we took it into the living room.

We were sitting there eating our steak when the doorbell rang. We were startled. Except for a few business acquaintances, we knew no one in New York. Kenny went to the door, and I followed after him uncertainly.

Our visitor announced himself as Charles Albright. He was a tall young man with shaggy hair and fierce blue eyes.

"I'm sorry to barge in like this," he apologized. "I understand that Maudie—that Mrs. Albright has sublet the apartment. Right?"

"Right," answered Kenny.

"Well," said Charles Albright, "there was something here that I wanted. It's absolutely of no value to any one else, and I didn't think you'd mind if I took it."

"Why, not at all."

Charles crossed the foyer and went into the little zebra-walled room that was called the den. We found ourselves following him. "I went over the inventory." I was trying to be helpful. "If there's anything—"

"Oh, this wouldn't be in the inventory!" His laugh was scornful.

He pulled out the long narrow drawer that was set in glass blocks to form a desk, and he peered inside. "Not here," he murmured.

The top came off a table that was made of burnished leather and disguised to look like a drum. "Not here," he said.

He looked in the closet. It was a small closet and I had crammed it with Kenny's fishing things brought on from Valley Spring.

The young man's eyes lit up. "Boy!" He seized Kenny's favorite tackle and held it up appraisingly. "That's a peach!" He turned to Kenny. "Ever try bass fishing up near Wyath?"

Kenny shook his head. "I haven't had a chance to fish anywhere around here yet. You know how it is in New York."

"Yes, I know." Charles Albright scowled and his eyes stopped admiring Kenny's tackle. He put it back and strode out of the room. "Thanks a lot," he said. "Sorry to have bothered you."

I felt his disappointment.

"It may be in the hall closet," I suggested. I opened the door for him and he looked inside.

"Here it is!" He emerged triumphantly. He had a pipe rack in his hand, a shabby old pipe rack from which dangled three of the least impressive pipes I've ever seen. The thing must have been hidden away in the back of the closet. There wouldn't have been a place for it, certainly, anywhere else in the apartment. It was ugly and slightly battered and I could see that Charles Albright loved it.

"Good-by," he said. "Thanks a lot."

We went to bed early, a little self-consciously. "I put your shirts in there," I told Kenny, trying to be matter-of-fact about the mirrored chest of drawers. Kenny sat down on a fringed slipper chair and took off his socks.

I put on one of my best nightgowns and got into the big silver bed and pulled the peach coverlet up comfortably around me. I didn't feel like Kate Johnson from Valley Spring, Ohio. I had to remind myself that things were going to be different now. All the orders for Phonoseal were signed, and the money would come rolling in as soon as they could be filled. We were New Yorkers now, Kenny and I. Valley Spring was a thing of the past.

And then I remembered what was going to be, we had hoped, the most important result of our changing fortunes. It could still be, I assured myself. If the Kenneth Johnsons wanted a child, they wouldn't let anything as superficial as a city apartment discourage them.

But I wondered why we hadn't thought of this, that evening we signed the lease. We'd been too exhilarated by the river view and the electric bar and the copper sunlight shining on many mirrors. We hadn't taken time to notice that there wasn't enough floor space in the den to hold a play pen or enough room in the kitchen to accommodate a high chair. We'd manage, of course, I told myself; but a sense of fitness told me we'd better wait.

☆ IN stories or motion pictures there is usually some hint of tragedy before tragedy descends. Not with us. We hadn't been in New York a month before it happened.

The expression on Kenny's face told me before Kenny had time to say a word. He came home early one evening, and he had a man by the name of Joe Gribbon with him.

"You remember Joe, don't you, Kate?"

Of course I remembered him; he was one of the ushers at our wedding. "What's wrong, Kenny?"

I shook hands with Joe without seeing him. Kenny looked gray. "Will you excuse us for a minute, Joe?" Kenny said. "Go on into the living room and mix yourself a drink. The bar's open."

Joe retreated politely to the bar and Kenny and I went into the bedroom.

"It's about the orders, Kate. They can't be filled. On account of the Defense Program we won't be able to get the kind of metal we need. The government's buying it up. I just found out today."

"Oh, Kenny!" I cried, and our next little silence meant that we were both thinking the same thing.

"If—" I began, but what earthly use was there of starting a sentence with "if"? A New York lease is as tight and heartless a document as the world has ever known. We had taken the apartment for two years and we had to pay for it.

"Don't worry, honey," Kenny said. "We'll probably be able to find some substitute for the metal we want. It's the time angle that bothers me. Our expenses will go on and there'll be nothing coming in." But he stood up and patted my shoulder, almost cheerfully. "Spilt milk, darling," he said. "Let's go in and talk to Joe. I ran into him on Fifty-seventh Street. We haven't seen each other for years."

☆ JOE was sitting on the divan. He was little and peaked and wore glasses, and he curiously resembled a harassed chipmunk. His worried look had nothing to do with his nature, which, I remembered, was easygoing and undisturbed. I also remembered that he had a wealthy uncle who had alternately pampered and disowned him throughout college.

I looked at Joe now and an idea skyrocketed through my mind.

"Where are you living?" I asked him. He mentioned a good hotel in the Sixties. "Darling," I said to Kenny, "mix Joe another drink."

Joe thanked us for his second. "This place is absolutely terrific!" he assured us.

My idea was firmly lodged by now.

"It *is* interesting, isn't it?" The lights moved magically up and down the river, the radio played softly from nowhere. "You could write here, couldn't you, Joe?" (I supposed that Joe's one-time ambition to be a writer was still alive.)

"I could, at that," he answered. "I'm doing a play, Kate. It's a sort of a pageant, rather. The cast is entirely made up of Indians. The first scene—"

And that was how we came to acquire Joe. He moved in with us the following day, and we made an arrangement whereby he was to pay a third of the rent, with meals extra. He was to sleep in the zebra-walled den and keep his clothes in the closet with Kenny's fishing tackle.

He gave me his first rent check in advance, and he promised that his next would be as prompt as the allowance which his uncle sent him each month. But three weeks later his uncle fell off a pleasure cruiser and was drowned, and his uncle's will showed only a sympathy for local charities and no remembrance of Joe at all. After that, no more checks. But, as Kenny said, Joe was an old friend, and we couldn't turn him out. This was somehow a minor disaster in comparison with the other burden which we had shouldered. Joe had a girl named Mildred.

Her name was Mildred Shovkin, and she was a lean, humorless creature who towered above Joe, went barelegged and wore Mexican sandals and quoted Karl Marx. I did not merely wonder what he saw in her—I racked my brains to figure it out.

☆ SHE didn't like me, either. I remember the first night that Joe invited her to dine. I had planned leftovers, but in honor of Joe's girl I shifted my menu to a rib roast. I worked hard all day cooking and tidying up the apartment, and I shall never forget the way Mildred Shovkin breezed into the hallway and looked down her long nose at me and said, "I shouldn't have come! I have to get to the Library before it closes. I told Joe, but he kept nagging me."

She followed me into the bedroom to take off her coat, and her eyes widened at the sight of that silver bed of ours, and she recoiled from the peach velvet coverlet as though it were something alive and contaminated. "I work in a bookstore," she said, "and I sleep in the back room." This called for no reply on my part, and I made none. "Extravagance," she said, "is the handmaiden of dissipation."

She went into the living room and sat down on the carpet and drank straight rye whisky and made flat unalterable statements about National Socialism and Inflation and the Mexican Outlook. Once she had said a thing, she didn't drop it. She went back and quoted herself, and slapped her knee with one long large hand, and glared at little Joe, who acted as a sort of Greek chorus.

Dinner was ready finally, and I announced it with triumph. But Mildred had the last word. She didn't eat meat, she declared, or anything else that was expensive and therefore decadent. I wanted to remind her that whisky couldn't be bought these days for a song, but I remembered my duties as a hostess and kept quiet.

Her duties as a guest weighed lightly upon her.

"Luxury," she said solidly, "is the scourge of the United States." She slapped her knee with one hand and looked down from a vast distance at our Mrs. Albright's wedding china. "The American housewife," she said, "is the American parasite." Then she went back into the living room with the men and left me to do the dishes alone.

"She's a type," Kenny offered in mild defense when I raged about Mildred Shovkin.

"Why does Joe like her?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, Joe," answered Kenny. "Joe

prefers to be led. If he can sit around and dream up a pageant about American Indians and have a girl friend who does all the talking, he's happy."

Meanwhile, the days went by. And still no substitute was found for the metal they needed for Phonoseal.

I swallowed my pride and went to the real-estate agent.

"Mr. and Mrs. Albright are reasonable people," I said. "I'm sure that they can be persuaded—"

"Mrs. Johnson," interrupted the agent—and his tone had lost all the fine camaraderie of our first meeting—"it isn't a question of being reasonable. Mr. and Mrs. Albright are separated. They have two establishments to keep up, and therefore twice as many expenses. They are getting a divorce. Sentimental reasons certainly would prevent either of them from wanting to live in their honeymoon apartment."

I left with this in mind. Two days later I had occasion to think of it again, and I was grateful. Mrs. Albright came to see me.

It seems that she wanted the crystal picture frame which held her wedding photograph. "If you are not using it, of course." I told her that I wasn't.

I had laid it away in the dressing-table drawer for safekeeping, and I got it out for her. She had looked such an ecstatic bride.

☆ "DIVORCE must be a pretty trying experience," I sympathized.

"It is," she answered. "It's something that happy people can't visualize. I envy you and Mr. Johnson. There seems to be such understanding between you."

"There is," I said quickly, although I felt a slight uneasiness as I said it. We had been worried lately, but our problems should have drawn us together instead of separating us. When Kenny came home from the office in the evening he wasn't interested in sitting down for a chat. It was almost as though we were avoiding each other.

Of course I didn't tell Maudie Albright.

"It seems such a pity," I said boldly. "About you and Mr. Albright, I mean. Mr. Albright stopped by one night—"

"He did?" Her eyes grew bright with interest. "What did—"

"His pipe rack," I told her. "He wanted his pipe rack."

"Oh," she said. She was thoughtfully silent for a minute. "Isn't it strange," she said, "the little unimportant things that grow to be important? And we're too proud to admit it, Charles and I." She was suddenly embarrassed. "I shouldn't be talking to you this way, Mrs. Johnson. Sometimes it's easier to talk to a stranger than to a close friend. How did he look, Charles—Mr. Albright? We've met only once since we separated, and that was in the lawyer's office. We hardly spoke."

"He looked unhappy." This was true enough, I thought. If by some miracle of planning I could get this couple back together, our worries would be settled, or at least lessened. The Albrights would return to their honeymoon home, and we— "He looked miserable," I emphasized. "Of course it's none of my business, Mrs. Albright, but if you and Mr. Albright could get together and talk, you might find a solution."

"It's strange," she said. "There isn't any real problem. We quarreled about a lot of little things, and before we knew it we were too far apart to be reconciled."

"But if you had a talk," I insisted desperately. "If you happened to meet somewhere— Here, for instance. It could be accidental. You had stopped by for—well, for that picture frame you wanted, and Mr. Albright—"

THE AUTHOR

Decla Dunning, born in New York, went to the University of California, then back to New York to write advertising copy and stories. On her next trip West she met and married Jack Runyon, all in three weeks' time. Their small son, she says, is "the smartest child we've ever seen." They have a home in Hollywood, but at present are living in New York.

But I couldn't think of anything that would lure him back to the apartment. Nothing here belonged to him, really. I remembered him standing in that bizarre little room we called the den. I remembered his height, his awkwardness, the expression in his fierce blue eyes when he said, "Oh, but *this* wouldn't be in the inventory."

I had an answer, suddenly.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I was going to phone Mr. Albright about the fishing tackle he admired. We haven't room for it here, and Kenny never uses it any more. I thought Mr. Albright might like to buy it."

"You did?"

"Yes." I gave her what I hoped would be a convincing smile. "I'll phone him and ask him to drop by Thursday afternoon at five. I won't tell him why; I'll just say it's important. Then, when he comes—"

"Well—" Maudie Albright pulled on her gloves and smiled back at me nervously. "I'm afraid it won't change anything. It will just be embarrassing for all of us."

"I don't think so." My thoughts were parallel with hers, but I had to take a chance. "Thursday at five?" I asked her brightly.

She nodded. "It's so nice of you to take an interest, Mrs. Johnson."

"Why not?" I felt a bit of a hypocrite as I showed her to the door. But I really liked her. She was so young and vulnerable, and so genuinely disturbed.

When I told Kenny about the fishing tackle, he looked annoyed.

"But, darling," I said, "it was the only thing I could think of. It would be worth it, wouldn't it, if it meant getting the Albrights back together and getting us out of our lease?"

He shrugged.

"One chance in a million." He followed me into the kitchen. "Let's eat here tonight. I'm sick of trays, and that living room is beginning to make me feel like something out of Noel Coward."

"O. K." It would be a tight squeeze, but I would manage. Then I heard Joe's key in the latch, and Kenny and I stared at each other, and Kenny said, "Enter young love."

They were always together. Joe followed Mildred quietly. He was a nice little fellow, and I couldn't see why—

"You mix the drinks, Kenny," I suggested resignedly. "Excuse me for a minute; I'm going to tidy up."

I was sitting at my dressing table combing my hair when I saw Mildred Shovkin in the doorway. "Did any one ever tell you," she said slowly, "that you look like Olivia de Havilland?"

I answered truthfully that no one ever had.

"Movie stars," she observed flatly. "Little hothouse plants against a velvet background." She stroked the back of the white fringed chair with her big dark hands. "The female mind thinks only in terms of flattery," she said. "Flattery is like frivolity. Frivolity—"

But I slammed down my comb and stood up. I kept repeating to myself, "Don't lose your temper." Mildred followed me back into the living room, and her smile was like a sneer.

☆ CHARLES ALBRIGHT promised, when I phoned him, that he would come on Thursday at five. Maudie Albright was coming, too. I waited rather breathlessly for this event, but I said little about it.

"Sold my tackle yet?" Kenny asked.

I answered no. "You wait," I told him, not feeling nearly as hopeful as I sounded.

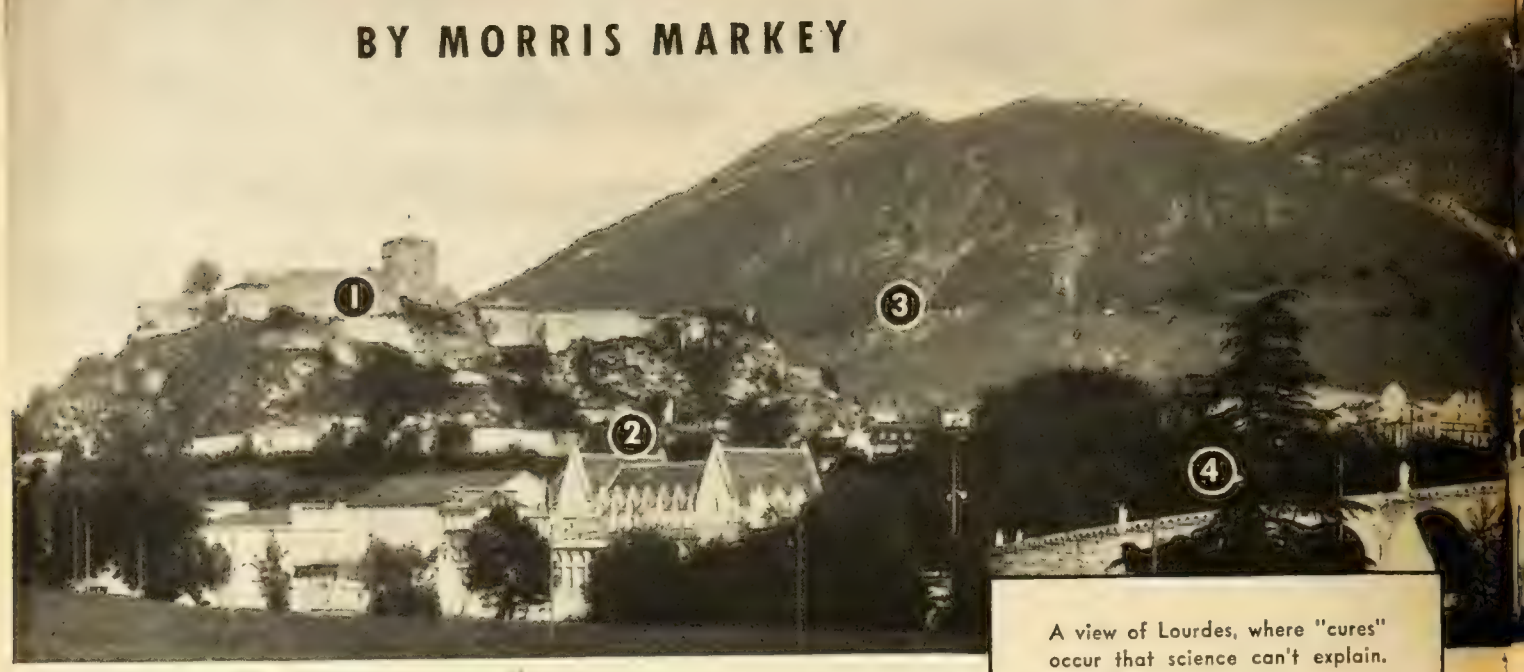
But the meeting of Charles and Maudie Albright couldn't have been arranged with more dramatic simplicity.

Charles arrived first. We said hello rather awkwardly, and I asked him whether he was interested in buying

(*Continued on page 57*)

SCIENCE LOOKS AT THE

BY MORRIS MARKEY



A view of Lourdes, where "cures" occur that science can't explain.

1. The old town.
2. Hospitals.
3. Stations of the Cross.
4. Processional Walk.
5. Pilgrims gather here.
6. The grotto and springs.
7. The Cathedral of Lourdes.
8. The River Gave de Pau.

How many are really miracles? In times of trouble like ours, it is important to know forces which often shape our lives

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ THE private soldier Pierre de Rudder was back, at last, in Paris. But not the same Pierre de Rudder who had left months before.

They helped him from the train, and his wife stared at him with something close to horror. His right leg was encased to the hip in a heavy plaster cast. His face was as empty of expression as a dead man's, or one lost in far-off, unspeakable reveries.

They got a doctor, who took off the cast. The leg was gangrenous, with a still open wound. More than two inches of bone had been shot away from the femur.

Then Pierre spoke, for almost the first time. "It is not the leg that hurts," he said. "The pain is here, here, here!" He touched his hand to his breast, over his heart.

About a fortnight after his return, he said suddenly to the parish priest who sat beside him, "I must go."

"Go?"

"To Lourdes, to pray to the Blessed Virgin herself. Help them to make things ready."

On a gloomy day in September the pitiful little pilgrimage came to the town nestled in the dark, wet hills of the Pyrenees. They were met and cared for by the volunteers of Lourdes, and in due time Pierre lay on his stretcher before the shrine. His wife and the priest knelt beside him. After he prayed, he was immersed in the freezing waters of the sacred spring.

That night he spent in the hospital. For two days thereafter the prayers and the bathing continued, and he seemed to grow somewhat weaker. On the evening of the third day, as he lay upon his cot, an extraordinary light suddenly suffused his face.

"Ah, Blessed Mary, Mother of God!" he whispered. He sat up, while the others gazed at him in awe. "All will be well!" he cried, his voice strong and certain.

He stood up and walked toward the window, lifting his arms to heaven and smiling. His wife and the priest and the nurses exclaimed, "Your leg! You are walking! It is cured!"

Pierre de Rudder looked down. The wound was gone. The bone was sound and straight. The sores of gangrene had disappeared. He smiled again. "Why, yes," he said. "It is cured. But here—" He put his hand upon his heart with reverence and wonder. "This also is cured."

Naturally, the free world wonders what is happening at Lourdes today. Built on a people's faith, this famous shrine has been paid tribute to by scientists, Catholics, Protestants, believers and nonbelievers. Today the shrine, though technically in unoccupied France, is under the control of those who believe in nothing but force. The shrine stands as always. We can be sure that devotion at the shrine is continuing. Hospitals are still open; daily services are still being held for those who live at Lourdes and those who can come in from near-by towns. Of miracles, of healings we hear nothing—the great miracle is that in times like this men of good will and simple faith will keep Lourdes alive.

Was it really a miracle, the thing which happened to Pierre de Rudder? Is it really true that in the space of a single breath inches of lost bone were restored and the ugly sores wiped away? And did a true revelation flame in his spirit, bring him back to brave life?

HEALINGS OF LOURDES

COURTESY CATHOLIC TRAVEL GUILD INC.

Such questions justify an examination of the phenomena of Lourdes: not only because of this single episode, but because of others. It is proper, also, that the examination should be undertaken by one who, like this writer, is not a Catholic—who is, indeed, an agnostic.

In the year 1858 in the little town of Lourdes lived a miller, Soubirous, a poor man with seven small children. The oldest of these was Bernadette, a thin girl of fourteen, already infected with incipient tuberculosis. She could neither read nor write, but she had learned her prayers by rote. She passed many of her days by herself in the lonely sheep meadows, which made the townspeople say that she was different and strange.

To Bernadette on February 11 of that year an apparition appeared in a cave by the Gave River. She heard (as she related it) a sound like the sudden rush of a gale, and a bright light appeared before her eyes. Despite the wind, the leaves did not tremble, and she was afraid. She called out, *"Qu'etait-ce, donc, mon Dieu?"* (What was that, my Father?)

The wind died, and high above her head, within the cave, a form appeared. The form, said Bernadette, was a "lady." She was dressed in a white robe with a blue sash. She carried a rosary of beads and a crucifix, and she wore a golden rose on each of her bare feet.

The "lady" smiled but did not speak; then she disappeared.

Some of the villagers went with Bernadette to the grotto. They saw nothing. But Bernadette said that she saw the "lady" as before, and that this time the figure had spoken—asking her to come to the grotto every day for fifteen days, and promising her happiness—"Not in this world, but in the next."

In the course of the fifteen days Bernadette often asked, "Who are you, my lady?" But every question was answered by a command: "Pray for sinners." "Penance, penance, penance!" "Go drink at the spring, and wash your face there!" "Tell the priests to build a chapel here!"

There was no spring to drink from. So Bernadette, as she related, dug her nails into the hard frozen mud. A spring gushed forth.

When the child told these things to the curé Peyramale, he laughed. "Who was the lady?" he chaffed. "I will find out," Bernadette said. And the next day she returned to Peyramale. "I asked her again, and she answered, 'I am the Immaculate Conception.'"

"So?" smiled the curé. "Then let her prove it with a miracle."

The account goes that, after a moment of meditation, Bernadette thrust her fingers into the flame of a candle. Villagers said that she held them there for fifteen minutes and was not harmed.

On July 16 Bernadette reported the appearance of the "lady" for the eighteenth and last time. The "lady," she said, "spoke gently, smiled, and vanished."

These strange events now tore the little town of Lourdes with controversy, jealousy, doubt, and wild fanaticism. Church and civil authorities alike forbade worship or the congregation of crowds at the grotto, and put up heavy barriers to keep people away. But the people broke down the barriers and knelt before the cave.

There were stories of more miracles. One said that a dying child had been held in the freezing spring water for half an hour, and was restored instantly to health. Another told of a blind man who bathed his eyes in the water and prayed, and recovered his sight. On the other hand, shepherds swore that the spring had always been there, that no miracle had produced it.

But the force of the legend, the story, the account—call it what you will—gained momentum. The once doubting Peyramale started a fund to build a chapel. And Napoleon III, in far-off Paris, formally granted the right of all people to worship at the Grotto of Lourdes.

After eight years in Lourdes—during which she never spoke of the apparitions again—Bernadette entered a convent at Nevers. On April 16, 1879, she died of tuberculosis.

Thirty-four years later, in 1913, she was venerated by the Church. She was beatified in 1925, and on December 8, 1933, she was canonized as Sainte Bernadette.

During Bernadette's lifetime the Church recognized the shrine at Lourdes. A church was built, and then another on top of it. A statue of the

Virgin was fixed in the grotto at the spot where the child saw the vision. And pilgrims began to pour in upon the little town. As their numbers increased with each year, hospitals were built. The river itself was pushed back and rechanneled, and an esplanade was constructed in front of the grotto.

They came from everywhere. Some of them were terribly ill or terribly injured. Most went back home still on their crutches, still diseased.

But there were some who did not.

Every year brought the report of new miracles.

In the two decades which ended with 1938 a million pilgrims made the journey to Lourdes in an average year. Some of them were seeking a spiritual cure rather than a physical one. But about 1 per cent each year—or 10,000—are seriously ill or crippled. Of these, about 150 profess themselves to be cured by a miracle.

After painstaking examination by scientific authorities, about fifteen of the cures are finally certified as having been incurable by medical science, and then agreed upon as totally remedied by forces beyond medical or psychological knowledge.

This apparently small proportion should not evoke critical conclusions. The point is not "How many miracles occurred?" but "Is it credible that *any* miracles occurred?"

Let us see what happens to the sick pilgrims.

Full authority at the shrine is vested in the Bishop of the Diocese of Tarbes and Lourdes. The hospitals and all medical care are managed by lay societies which, of course, have no direct connection with the Church.

When the invalid arrives, he is moved to bed in a hospital. He is examined by a doctor, his case diagnosed and charted, his wounds, if any, dressed. No other medical treatment of any sort is given.

At seven o'clock each morning the long, slow parade to the grotto begins—hundreds of men and women on stretchers, in wheel chairs, on crutches. The pilgrims halt for hours before the statue in the cave, telling their beads and praying ceaselessly.

At ten o'clock the baths are opened. There are three, each in a little wooden shelter of its own—two for women and one for men. Each bath is a tub about seven feet long and three feet wide, filled with water from the sacred spring to a depth of three feet.

The patient is carried into the shelter. His clothing and bandages are removed. Then, wrapped only in a cotton towel, he is immersed in the freezing water. The water is never changed during a day. Patients with every degree of sickness are bathed in the same tub. But no case of infection from this practice has ever been proved.

In midafternoon the procession of the Blessed Sacrament is held. All pilgrims, no matter how ill, march or are carried from the grotto to the *place* in front of the church. Banners are carried. Sacred verses are chanted. Voices are lifted loud in prayer. The procession often lasts until midnight.

There is no special time for the miracles to occur. Sometimes it is in the bath itself, or back at the hospital; sometimes after the patient has left Lourdes. The priests ask the pilgrims not to expect physical miracles, but to pray for spiritual grace.

Let us suppose, now, that a miracle is reported. And let us take for an example the case of Mlle. Elisabeth Delot. She arrived in Lourdes in 1926, after several Paris doctors had declared that she had a large cancer of the stomach. X-rays had been taken, and surgeons had pronounced the case inoperable and incurable.

On her first immersion in the waters at Lourdes, Mlle. Delot felt a moment of almost unbearable pain, and then suddenly felt herself glow with health. She cried out that she was cured.

Immediately (as with all persons who claim miraculous cures) she was rushed to the Medical Bureau.

The Medical Bureau is a rather extraordinary institution. More than 3,000 physicians, from every country of the civilized world, have taken membership in it. Their interest may be accepted (judging from the names upon its lists) as purely scientific. They come to Lourdes to stand in attendance from one to six months, and there are generally from fifteen to fifty in the town.

The members of the bureau never treat patients at the shrine. Their sole concern is to determine whether a cure beyond the knowledge of their science has occurred.

Mlle. Delot was taken, then, to the magnificently equipped examination room of this bureau, where a minimum of six physicians began a long and detailed examination of her body and of her record. The statements of the Paris doctors and the original examination at Lourdes itself had pronounced her a victim of incurable cancer. Now the X-rays and all other scientific tests showed that her cancer had completely disappeared and had been replaced by healthy tissue. She was gay and happy, and seized with an enormous appetite.

What do scientists say of the cures at Lourdes? Mr. Markey will tell you in his second article. Coming in an early issue.

But that did not establish the miracle. She must be examined at the end of twelve months—and she was, and the cure was declared permanent. Whereupon the doctors of the Medical Bureau "certified" her as a cure, and the bishop of the diocese formally pronounced the case a miracle.

As I have said, about fifteen of these "certified" cures occur each year. The cures most often reported are of tuberculosis, blindness, cancer, and paralysis.

But it should be observed that the Mother Church at Rome has announced no official attitude concerning the miracles at Lourdes, or at other shrines: Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Canada, Guadelupe in Mexico, Loreto in Italy. It does, however, recognize the existence of miracles, and commends the happenings at Lourdes as "manifestations of the Virgin's power."

The claims, the records, are now before us. According to those records, something near 300 miracles have occurred at Lourdes in France during the last twenty years. If they really were miracles, their importance is immeasurably more profound than the simple healing of 300 individuals. They were a sign manual that mighty forces brood upon the world, and they were proof that the sick of soul—the desperately sad people who, like private soldier Pierre de Rudder, dwell in a desperately sad world—may hope again.

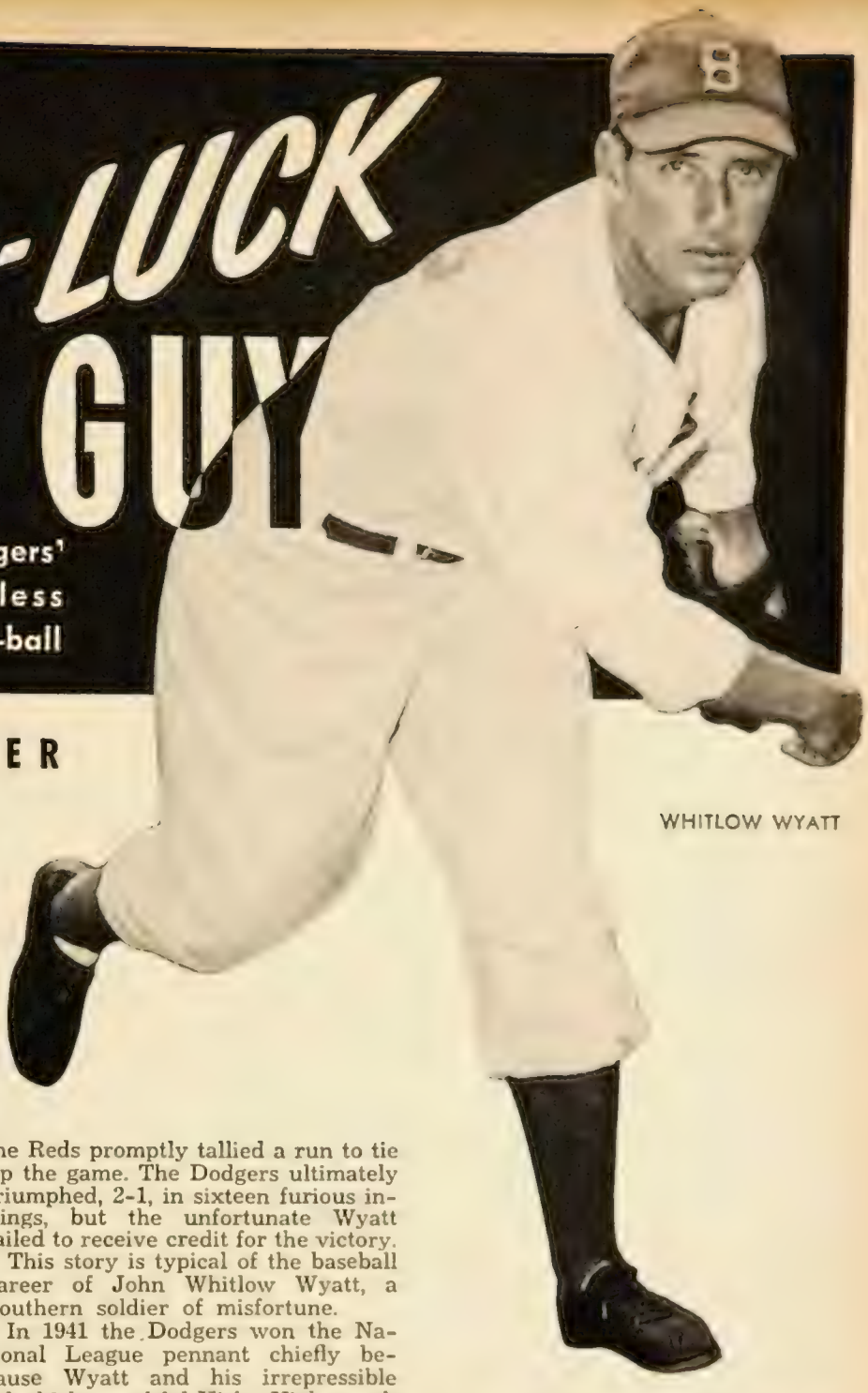
THE END

Priests blessing the sick who have come to Lourdes with hope in their hearts.

HARD-LUCK GUY

The strange case of the Dodgers' Mr. Wyatt, and his relentless rendezvous with the eight-ball

BY JACK SINGER



WHITLOW WYATT

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ THE only thing hotter than the sun in Cincinnati in July is the back of the neck of a Cincinnati fan when the Reds lose a ball game. Crosley Field was a huge open-air oven. It was 100 in the shade—and no shade. But even more torrid than the weather was the sizzling pitching duel between Paul Derringer, the big cunning veteran of the Reds, and Whitlow Wyatt, semi-bald tight-lipped ace of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

For nine blistering innings these wizards of the mound had moved through a tense scoreless contest. Then, in the tenth, Derringer, pitching almost contemptuously to Wyatt, laid one in the slot. Wyatt's bat met the ball solidly and sent it soaring over the left-field wall. The steaming stands were silent as he slowly trotted around the base paths. A wide grin creased his tanned leathery features as he stepped into the Brooklyn dugout and modestly accepted the congratulations of his teammates.

The Dodgers, in first place, were battling fiercely to stave off the persistent challenge of the menacing St. Louis Cardinals. It was an important ball game to win, and with Wyatt pitching like a Feller, that one run looked safe. Toweling the moisture off his face and hands, he gasped: "How about a drink of water, doc?"

Doc Wilson, the Brooklyn trainer, handed him a paper cup filled with cooling liquid. He gulped it down—and then choked. In the excitement, Wilson had given him a cup of mouthwash! Violently sick to his stomach, he couldn't take the mound for the Reds' turn at bat in the tenth inning. Hugh Casey, the Dodgers' No. 1 relief pitcher, warmed up hastily, but the Reds promptly tallied a run to tie up the game. The Dodgers ultimately triumphed, 2-1, in sixteen furious innings, but the unfortunate Wyatt failed to receive credit for the victory.

This story is typical of the baseball career of John Whitlow Wyatt, a Southern soldier of misfortune.

In 1941 the Dodgers won the National League pennant chiefly because Wyatt and his irrepressible side-kick, youthful Kirby Higbe, each won twenty-two games. But 1942 will find the Dodgers confronted by an even more determined challenge from the St. Louis Cardinals, who are coming up with a most fabulous collection of rookie phenoms. The Dodgers' hopes of repeating once more are wrapped up in the high-salaried right arms of Wyatt and Higbe, and if anything should happen to either, the belligerent Brooks would have little if any chance of winning.

Wyatt attained stardom as a seamy veteran of thirty-three, but only after a heartbreaking series of reverses. Once—and only once—did he actually give up. That was in the spring of 1938, when he quit baseball. "It's a great game," he said, "but if you can't play in the big leagues and make enough money to save some, you might just as well get out."

Wyatt is no Jonah-come-lately. As far back as a dozen years ago he was considered as phenomenal a prospect as the great Jerome Herman Dean when both were toiling in the Texas League. He has been passed around from Detroit to Chicago to Kansas City to Cleveland to Milwaukee to Brooklyn.

It was a long, winding highway Wyatt traveled to the fame he attained in the second game of the World Series last year, when he became the first pitcher to halt the World Series march of the murderous Yankees since the great Carl Hubbell did it in 1937. Wyatt was pitching with revenge in his heart. For it was the Yankees who ran him out of the American League when he was pitching for Cleveland in 1937.

As he methodically mowed down

the Yankees' sluggers, he thought of that other autumn afternoon four years ago. Cleveland and New York were in a 4-4 deadlock when the explosive Yanks put two men on base in the eighth inning. Wyatt was summoned from the bull pen. While he was winding up, Ben Chapman stole home to give the Yankees a 5-4 victory. So Steve O'Neill, the Cleveland manager, sent Wyatt to Milwaukee in the deal that brought third-baseman Ken Keltner to the Indians.

Wyatt's working agreement with the eight-ball started when he developed a sore arm while with the Detroit Tigers in 1930. A big husky kid, he was discovered by the Tigers when Ed Goosetree, a scout for them, saw him at Cedartown, Georgia. He enrolled at Georgia Tech for a football education, but Goosetree finally made him listen to reason. He left Georgia Tech in 1928 to pitch for Evansville, Indiana, where he won 22 and lost 6 in 1929. When he reported to the Tigers' spring training camp the following year, he was considered a more promising pitcher than the slender Tommy Bridges.

☆ BUT he developed a sore arm. He asked the Tigers to send him to a place where it was good and hot. Detroit shipped him to Beaumont, Texas. For days he lay in the scorching sun. He won 11 and lost 3 for Beaumont in 1931, turned in five shutouts, and tied Dizzy Dean with an earned-run average of 1.53.

In August the Tigers brought him back to Detroit. Soon they were locked in a bitter battle with the Yankees. The score was 2-2 in the ninth inning, there were two out, two on, and Wyatt had been blowing his high hard one past Murderers' Row. Babe Ruth strode to the plate. Wyatt wound up and threw everything he had into the pitch, including his elbow. The ball feebly plopped twenty feet in front of the plate.

The big Southerner's flipper wasn't much good after that. Bucky Harris sent him to the White Sox in a trade for pitcher Vic Frasier in 1933. The change in scenery seemed to give Wyatt new life, if not a new arm. Facing the St. Louis Browns in his second start for the Sox, he fired his fast ball for eight and two thirds innings without yielding a solitary safe swat. He slipped over two strikes on Ted Gullic, right-hand hitting outfielder. His next offering was a fast ball inside. Swinging halfheartedly, Gullic broke his bat, but the ball dribbled past the mound into center field for the only hit of the game.

As recently as last August 17 Wyatt again brushed baseball immortality. He retired twenty-five straight batters in a game with the Braves in Boston. Then, with one out in the ninth inning, catcher Phil Masi, one of the weakest batters in the National League, lashed a high pitch into center field for a clean single. Wyatt retired the next two batters, but for the second time in his checkered career he'd missed a perfect game.

There is one thing you can say for Wyatt's luck: At least it is consistent. It has been all bad. During the 1934 season, he awakened one morning after hurling a 3-1 victory over the Boston Red Sox to find that he couldn't bend that elbow. Dr. P. H. Kreyscher, Chicago White Sox surgeon, operated and removed fourteen bone chips. It required twenty-nine stitches to close the incision.

Wyatt's arm never fully regained its strength, and in June, 1936, he was released to Kansas City, where he won 12 and lost 7. After he was drafted by Cleveland in 1937, Cy Slapnicka sent him to a clinic for a thorough check-up. Much to his surprise, he was released with a clean bill of health. The Indians owned a great pitching staff and Wyatt spent all his working hours in the bull pen. His brief career as a Cleveland chattel ended abruptly when Chapman brazenly stole home.

BY REAMER KELLER

"If that was me up there, you know what I'd write!"

Cast off by three major-league clubs, he resolved to quit baseball. He had managed to save enough of his meager earnings to purchase a 700-acre farm in Buchanan, Georgia, and he was planning to retire to the life of a gentleman farmer when he received a long-distance telephone call from Henry Bendinger, late owner of the Milwaukee Brewers.

"If you'll sign a contract," Bendinger propositioned, "I'll give you fifteen per cent of your purchase price if you're sold to a major-league club at the end of the year."

Wyatt laughed — but out loud. "You're a funny man, Mr. Bendinger," he said. "You ought to be on the radio. I've already been discarded by three major-league clubs—or haven't you heard? Who'd buy me? I'll sign, but I want a straight contract."

That telephone conversation cost Wyatt $6,000. He won 23 games and lost 1 for Milwaukee in 1938, hurled ten shutouts, and led the American Association in strike-outs. He was sold to Brooklyn for $40,000 and three players. A thirty-year-old derelict, he was back in the majors ten years after his first tryout with the Tigers.

At Milwaukee, under the canny management of Al Sothoron, he'd learned how to pitch, to control his fast ball. When he won his first four starts for the Dodgers in 1939, he was hailed as another Dazzy Vance.

It was inevitable that his jinx should cut him down. Seeking his fifth straight, he opposed the Reds in Cincinnati. He laid down a perfect sacrifice bunt, and Lonnie Frey, Cincinnati second baseman, rushed over to cover first as Frank McCormick moved in to handle the slow roller. Frey straddled the bag, and Wyatt, storming down the base line, crashed into him. When the tangle was unraveled, Wyatt was carted off to a hospital. He had torn the cartilages in his left knee. After a month's rest, he returned to hang up four more victories, but he was pitching on one leg. He was sent to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and Dr. George Bennett operated on his knee, removing the torn cartilages and reinforcing the lateral ligament.

He attributes much of his rejuvenation to a new pitch—a slider ball he perfected last spring. Two years ago, at the Dodgers' Clearwater, Florida, training camp, he was experimenting with his delivery in a game with the Tigers. He slipped over two strikes on big Rudy York and then tossed the slider. The slugger fanned the air ingloriously.

"Say, where'd you come up with that thing?" inquired York, nonplused.

☆ WYATT forgot about the pitch until last spring, when he practiced it in Havana. Whereas he once relied exclusively on his fast ball, he now employs five pitches—fast ball, slow curve, fast curve, slow ball, and slider. In the second game of the World Series he attempted to fast-ball the baleful Yankees into submission. He was tagged for seven hits in four innings and it appeared that he would be ignominiously knocked out of the box. He switched to his slider and slow curve and held the Yankees to two feeble singles in the last five innings.

He spends his off season on his farm, chopping wood and gardening. He has a daughter aged three and a year-old son.

With a reasonable amount of luck, Wyatt would have surpassed Bob Feller's twenty-five victories last year. In one stretch he gave only four runs in four games, yet lost two of them, 3-2 and 1-0. Things happen to Wyatt that don't happen to any other pitcher in the business. In 1940, pitching against the Cincinnati Reds at Ebbets Field, he had a shutout entering the seventh inning. Then Lonnie Frey sent a lofty drive against the right-field screen. Ordinarily it would have been a two-base hit. But the ball caromed behind the scoreboard and fell down an aperture for a home run. The Reds won the game, 1-0.

THE END

The Strange Woman
"For the lips of a strange woman drop honey
And her mouth is smoother than oil:" Proverbs
Ben Ames Williams
AUTHOR of COME SPRING

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A Streamlined Version of a Great Best Seller

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ DURING her lifetime no woman knew Jenny Hager for what she really was. But several men did, and the first was a young naval lieutenant for whom her mother deserted big rough Tim Hager. The little girl had a strange and haunting beauty, with dark hair and blue eyes and a skin like ivory, at once pale and warm; and on each cheekbone was a line like a faint elongated dimple which appeared when she smiled and made her seem about to burst into tears. She came to the lieutenant's arms at their first meeting, and she accepted his kiss so readily that he was conscious of a surprising pleasure. There was in her a sort of flame, and her small hands touched his cheeks and nose and eyelids teasingly.

Tim Hager returned home from an absence just in time to catch his wife in the act of running off with the lieutenant and taking Jenny with her. It was Jenny's voice that rose loudest during the scene that followed. She clung to her father until her mother said angrily, "Let him keep her. She'll make him sorry he ever fathered her."

Moll Hager's departure from Bangor won for Tim and Jenny the sympathy of the whole town. At first Tim hired a housekeeper; but when

Jenny was a few years older she dismissed her, in a rage at the devoted woman's scolding of Tim for coming home drunk, and from then on took charge of the small house herself.

Till she left it on her wedding day, Jenny and Tim lived there alone and together. He liked to watch her as she made of the housekeeping a game, pretending sometimes to be Moll, berating him as Moll had done, lavishing on him pretty and precocious caresses.

As she grew older, the perception of her increasing needs made Tim want to make money. He went into debt to finance a lumber enterprise that ended disastrously, and fell a prey to the shrewd unscrupulousness of a wealthy neighbor. In the months that followed, Big Tim almost visibly disintegrated; there was in him a humble yearning to play a good part in the world. But more than his sense of past failures, his feeling for Jenny, as she matured, speeded the swift process of decay in him. He fought against it, but she by her every action made the fight harder. He found no ease except with rum, and people began to pity the thirteen-year-old girl who spent her days taking care of a drunken no-good. She was a faithful attendant at church; and her stature grew in the public mind.

Storekeepers were now warned not to sell liquor to Tim, but in a shop where he sometimes worked there was always a convenient supply for him. One spring night when there had been a band concert in town, the shopkeeper, coming home, noticed that his store door had been forced. Going in, he found Tim on the floor beside the rum barrel.

☆ "WELL!" he cried. "A fine time for you to sit there stiff with drink, and Jenny carrying on the way she is! Slipping off into the grove with a man—oh, I had my eye on her!"

Tim's face was terrible. He got to his feet and walked unerringly home. Jenny had been needing a lesson for some time. She should have it.

Jenny was in bed, asleep. He dragged her out into the kitchen and caught up a stick that stood in a corner. She twisted to evade its blows, fighting silently. Suddenly the pain of her teeth in his hand slackened his hold. As she escaped his grasp a keener agony struck him, and she heard him fall as she fled into the dark street.

Isaiah Poster, who often employed Tim at odd jobs, had gone to bed but was not asleep when he heard running steps in the street, the thud of bare heels on his stoop, and Jenny crying his name. He hurried to the door, lifted the latch, and she tumbled in. She flung herself into his arms, begging him to protect her. That she should have come to him in her distress filled him with a strange excitement. He was in his fifties and Jenny the age of his son Ephraim, but she had always held his eye. She had come to think of his house as a second home.

But that night she was so wretched that a gentle tenderness supplanted in him every other feeling, and he tended her as impersonally as a woman. Next day, when his housekeeper came and heard the story, she took charge of the girl. While Jenny slept, Isaiah went to consult with friends as to what should be done about her.

He had said cautiously to Mrs. Hollis, "It's a pity some good man wouldn't come along and marry her."

She had looked at him with quick shrewd eyes. "If it comes to that, there's no man nor boy in town she likes as well as you. It's Uncle Isaiah this and Uncle Isaiah that."

He had shaken his head, but now as he walked sedately over to Deacon Adams' house there was in him a pounding turbulence. The deacon heard him out and went with him to

Amos Patten's. Isaiah's duty was plain, they agreed, if Jenny could see the wisdom of marrying him. The three proceeded to Isaiah's, and shook their heads in grave sympathy over Jenny and the bruises she showed them. Mrs. Hollis was deputed to explain their plan to her; and late that afternoon Jenny and Isaiah were married. The three men then went out to deal with Tim Hager; but Tim was past help or remonstrance. He had been dead for hours.

☆ AS Mrs. Isaiah Poster, Jenny had a position in the community which she filled admirably. Isaiah was proud of her, pleased to have her a pioneer in the temperance movement to which Tim's death gave impetus. He was proud to have her appear, silent and devoted, at his side. At home she was always serene and thoughtful of him, careful of his comfort. He was conscious, though, that after Ephraim's first trip home from college she was restless; could not sleep in the airtight room Isaiah required, and had finally to move into another.

Between her and Lena Tempest, who came to work in the Poster home, an intimacy sprang up. Lena's conduct made her the object of much gossip, but Isaiah's surprised disapproval did not end Jenny's interest in her, although Lena left them shortly and took a house down near the river bank, where she did washing and sewing for a living. But no one was deceived as to her real business.

Isaiah did not like it when Jenny began to mention Ephraim more and more frequently; and when the boy's last college term was nearing the end, he wrote suggesting that Ephraim travel instead of coming home. But one day he walked in on them. Jenny and Isaiah were at dinner. Ephraim greeted his father, then went to Jenny. She took his hand and drew him gently toward her. To his surprise not her cheek but her lips were lifted to his.

A dangerous life began for Ephraim at that moment. Jenny took him about with her and appealed to him on all sorts of matters. When Isaiah grew impatient at Ephraim's lack of interest in business affairs, Jenny persuaded him to give Ephraim the task of copying his letters. She would go into his room, where he worked, and help him. Evenings, after Isaiah had gone to bed, she would come back downstairs and sit talking until late. Once, when she had led him to the subject of his dissipations at college, he told her about his best friend, John Evered. John had been his steadying influence. He boasted a little, though, about his amours; and suddenly he was conscious of a challenge in Jenny's eyes that jarred him like a blow.

That evening, before they went to their rooms, Jenny said softly, "If you hadn't been away the night my father beat me, I might have married you," and the words had loosed in him a storm almost too violent to endure.

☆ ISAIAH was seized that winter with what the doctor feared was a fatal illness. Jenny nursed him devotedly. But at his very bedside she breathed into Ephraim's ear her hope that the old man would die. When, nevertheless, he pulled through and began to recover, Ephraim avoided her as long as possible. He devoted himself to his father, and real affection revived between them.

In every way she knew Jenny tried to bewitch Ephraim. Steadily he resisted her, and steadily the menace of her thwarted will grew. When he told her that loyalty to his father kept him from her, she said, "There's so little life in him. Why must he live longer?" Ephraim shivered, for she made it a challenge; almost a command.

She established another hold over her stepson. When he wished for money to try an investment in timberlands which promised well, she got it secretly for him. Isaiah learned of the venture and was at first very angry. When that wore off, he determined that he would go upriver with Ephraim to look over the land. Jenny encouraged him in the plan, and it was arranged.

"Take good care of him," she said quietly to Ephraim. "If he does get sick again, he'll not live through it. So—take good care of him."

He did not answer her. The thought of Isaiah's death was always in his mind. She had put it there and she kept it alive in a dozen ways. She was a madness in him now, and she watched the torment in his eyes with a faint slow smile.

The trip was tedious, and Ephraim

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unnerved and harried. He shared a canoe with his father. In a second canoe were two other Bangor lumbermen. Always fearful of the water and now racked by mental tension, Ephraim was perfect prey for disaster. In a dangerous current he was the involuntary means of overturning the canoe; and complete panic made him unable to save his father's life. When their companions caught up with them, Isaiah had drowned.

When Ephraim reached home Jenny was at the door. One of the men who had returned with Ephraim spoke, telling her what had happened. She turned on Ephraim.

"You can't come into this house," she said in even tones. "You—you killed your father." She shut the door in his face.

☆ WHEN John Evered left his parents' home for the first time, his mother gave him a gold ring.

"A ring," she said, "is like a family. A family is just a group of people holding hands so that each helps the other. Wherever you are, John, we'll be helping and strengthening you. Remember to choose a wife who'll always stand hand in hand with you. The thing I'll pray for most will be for you to marry the right woman."

In the three years before he came home again John saved his money and by sheer diligence prepared himself to enter college. After graduation, Colonel Black, the head of important lumber interests, took him on as assistant at his mills near Bangor. In John's first summer there he met Margaret Saladine, the daughter of a Bangor judge, and began to dream of closer friendship with her later, when he should be established.

That fall he made a business trip to Boston, traveling by the Bangor steamer. At the moment of sailing, a man helplessly drunk was carried up the gangplank. John, watching from the deck, recognized his college mate, Ephraim Poster.

During the voyage John took charge of his friend. At first Ephraim would not talk at all. But when they reached Boston John took him to a hotel and there at last Ephraim's anguish forced from him his story.

"It was my fault for going home at all," Ephraim grieved. "Father didn't want me to. But I wasn't wise enough . . . and I remembered how beautiful she was."

Often, as he talked, he hesitated, as though ashamed of his words. But John offered no comment, wondering only how he might help this lost man whom he loved. Nothing in his experience had prepared him to comprehend such a woman as Jenny Poster, yet there was a ring of truth in Ephraim's voice. When he spoke of his father's death, he burst into terrible laughter and helpless sobs. At last he fell asleep.

John sat thinking until dawn. The captain had told him that Mrs. Poster had arranged for Ephraim's passage and had left a letter and a thousand dollars to be given him when they reached Boston. John had taken charge of them for him. When Ephraim awoke John handed him the carefully sealed envelope. Ephraim bade him read the letter aloud.

It began with regrets for her accusations and her action in turning him out. It said, too, ". . . though your father was an old man I loved him well and grieved to know that he was gone. . . . You have my prayers every day. . . . You may draw up to five thousand dollars a year. . . . Your affectionate mother, Jenny Poster."

Ephraim took the letter, turning it over and over. Then he dropped it as

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How does one explain Jenny,

the strange woman, in this condensation from Ben Ames Williams' novel, The Strange Woman? Surely she was a vicious, immoral, or unmoral, creature endowed with a gift of swaying every man who came into her life. She chose to use this endowment for evil. Her acts and her influence were unspeakable.

Shakespeare said, "The evil that men do lives after them The good is oft interred with their bones." The evil in Jenny destroyed the weak, the ones who did not summon to their aid whatever strength and goodness was in them. She struck hardest at her husband, John Evered. But he did not cast her off, nor did she succeed in ruining him. He surrounded her with love. He met her evil deeds with good deeds. He taught his sons to honor whatever was good in her. Over their son Dan he exerted his greatest influence. In her last days she told Dan that his father was too good, too strong to be defeated by her. Dan, himself strengthened by his father's goodness, could meet his mother without hatred or despair. In the end, good defeated evil.

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if it scorched his hand. Suddenly he began to weep. "Oh, John, I tried to do what was right! I tried to get away!"

Finally he slept again, and John left him to attend to business in town. When, two hours later, he returned, Ephraim, the money, and the letter were gone. John never saw him again.

☆ EARLY in December John's work called for a trip to New York. He took passage on the schooner Mary Ann from Thomaston and spent the night before sailing at the hotel there. At supper a woman was seated near him whose face with its extraordinary purity caught his eye. He found himself thinking about her after she had left the room. Next morning old Captain Manter introduced him to her, saying, "Mis' Poster, this is our passenger, Mr. Evered."

They bowed without speaking. Driving down to the steamer they were seated side by side. John was acutely aware of her. Her loveliness seemed deadly and he hated her with a sick loathing. They said nothing to each other.

All that day snow cloaked them. In midafternoon Jenny emerged from her cabin. She was rosy and glowing and so friendly and charming that John had to force himself to remember Ephraim.

A day or two later she appealed to him for help. She had learned that Ephraim was in New York, she said, and she was going to find him.

"There's a nice girl who works in my house," she told John, with a gentle gravity, "and I have learned that he betrayed her. There is still time for him to marry her—if we can persuade him."

John fortified himself with anger. "You've worse than killed him!"

She said quietly, "You—you confuse me. What have I done to him?"

And when he had accused her of all that Ephraim had said she had done, she rose with a serene dignity.

"You do not know me, so naturally you believe him. I will not ask your help again. I will just do what I can alone."

She went into her cabin, leaving John as ashamed as though he had hurt a helpless child.

☆ A NORTHEASTER began to blow, and the old craft was terribly tossed about. On the second day, soon after early dark, she was driven too close to shore, struck, and rolled on her side. All got away in the dory, but near the beach it overturned. John caught Jenny in his arms and somehow they got to shore. They were on a long barren spit of land miles from any habitation. Locked in a steady grapple with the wind, they struggled through the snow.

When she could go no farther he found strength to carry her. He had no sense of distance nor of time, knew only that life must be preserved. His arms, supporting her, embraced her too, and his heart yearned for her. All the loves that man has known for woman were alight in him for her.

They came at last to a shelter, and John prayed that they might live through the dreadful night. He held her close. Compelled by that sense of an eternal unity which their shared ordeal had imposed, he said, "I love you."

Her lips, soft and warm, brushed his. "I love you, John," she answered. "I love you too."

☆ WHEN rescuers found them, Jenny, weak and trembling, was put to bed. She clung to John's hand. "I won't leave you," he promised. All the things Ephraim had told him were forgotten. The long ordeal of the night and her weakness bound him to her. They were married late that afternoon. John stood beside her bed during the ceremony, and when they were alone he cared for her as a woman would an ailing infant. For days thereafter he never left her side. Three weeks later they were able to continue their journey. John had written Colonel Black and received a letter congratulating him on his marriage.

After their return to Bangor, Jenny took her place in the forefront of all the town's movements for good. She was most active in the temperance

cause whose leading worker was Elder Lincoln Pittridge, a handsome man in his middle thirties, whose face seemed lighted by some inner fire. Jenny and John—for her sake—came to know him well. Their only other intimate friend was Margaret Saladine.

Jenny and John lived in quiet ease and the early years of their marriage were serene and happy. John never thought of the things Ephraim had told him. They were forgotten, dismissed as the lunatic ravings of a madman. It was impossible that they could have been true of Jenny. Evered was no blind and fatuous

lover, but in those hours of storm and wreck and death, and in the years of marriage that followed them, Jenny had become a part of him.

It was to protect her now that he concealed from her the news of Ephraim's death, but when he did tell her, she dried her own tears to comfort him. Ephraim had been his friend. She mourned with her husband over the tragedy.

☆ IT was not until after Ephraim's death that Jenny really began to be herself again. She and John knew such happiness as neither of them had dreamed was possible. "If I had not known you," she told him, "I should never have known happiness. I realize now that I was never married to Isaiah at all."

They built their own home. Jenny insisted on a large house that would stand against any storm and accommodate a large family. It was during Jenny's first pregnancy that she was given to angry outbursts that left John dazed and unhappy. No matter how infuriated she became, she never raised her voice, but the impact of harsh words spoken gently was sinister and frightening.

After every outburst she was deeply penitent and affectionate and John learned to disregard her tantrums.

Then one evening, shortly before the birth of her first child, John was injured when on the street. He had been taken to the nearest house, which happened to be Lena Tempest's. When he returned home and Jenny learned what had happened, her face was suddenly congested with rage. John tried to meet the unreasonable passion and jealousy, but nothing would silence Jenny. Her toneless voice made her anger the more dreadful. "I know," she said, "that I am misshapen and unattractive. I mean nothing to you. So you go to this woman's house and involve yourself in some bestial brawl, probably fighting for her favors."

"Jenny, please!"

"Please, please, please," she mocked. "You can't lie to me. You are like all men, like a fool and his folly, forever seeking after the strange woman. I know what Lena Tempest is. She was my servant when I was married to Isaiah."

John was so appalled by her groundless accusations that he covered his face. Then suddenly, in shamed contrition, she threw herself upon him sobbing, "Oh, John, John, what makes me do this? Why am I so cruel to you when I love you?" In quick grateful forgiveness his arms encircled her and the wounds her words had left were healed by their mutual tears.

There were no more of these storms. It was as if all the venom and jealousy in her had been released by this explosion. John forgot that bitter hour just as he had forgotten the dark things Ephraim had told him long ago.

When their son was born, Jenny said, "I want another—many others—John. And soon, darling." The baby was named Dan, for John's father, and within the next eight years Will, Tommy, and Matt were born. Jenny was a devoted mother, but quick to punish severely for the slightest disobedience. John hated such severity, and they had many scenes. It was as though she owned the boys and was determined to do as she wished with them. His opposition bred increasing resentment toward John, and she forgave him less and less willingly for protecting the children from her anger.

He hid from every one his concern over the hostility that began to separate them, and sometimes he told himself that it did not exist at all—that it was only in his imagination. But subconsciously he began to realize that she was in many ways two women—two separate and distinct personalities—one loving and companionable, decorous and sedate; the other wild and stormy, willful and unforgiving. In her nature the impulse to love and to hurt were mysteriously commingled.

☆ FROM Isaiah Poster Jenny had inherited a score of trading vessels, and one of these returned to Bangor from a trip to the southern coastal towns with a slave that had stowed away. From the first Jenny had been ardent in the antislave cause, giving time and money and energy to further it wherever possible. She was determined that the slave should not be returned to the owner, who had traced him finally to her very door. John, hoping to placate both sides, offered to buy the slave with the idea of setting him free, and the owner then guessed that his property was indeed close at hand. He sent for the constable and the premises were searched and the slave recovered.

Jenny's anger against her husband was beyond anything he had ever seen. "You have betrayed me, John—betrayed not only this poor Negro who trusted us, but me," she said. "I promised him he would be safe. You have sent him back to where he will probably be whipped to death. You have betrayed your word to me! And I can never forgive you. I never will."

John's intuition told him that she was deliberately selecting this issue as a means of letting him know how intensely she had felt all along whenever he had thwarted her will. For days he made every effort at reconciliation—tried cajolery, tried tenderness, tried to make her smile upon him, but always she said evenly, "I told you I would never forgive you, John, and I never will."

☆ JOHN wanted to keep the quarrel from his sons, and one day at breakfast he clumsily teased her about a single gray hair that he said he could see above her brow, and called on the boys to bear him out. They clustered laughingly around her, and Matt climbed on her knee while John parted her hair with his finger, bidding them look and see for themselves. With sudden angry violence, as if she had been tried beyond enduring, she struck him and stood up, tumbling Matt to the floor. "Don't touch me," she said. "Don't touch me at all, ever, any of you."

John picked Matt up and went to the door and Dan and the other children followed. John's thoughts were in dark confusion until he heard Dan cry, "I hate her, I hate her! I wish she would die." John looked at him in grave concern. "No you don't, Dan. Never think such things, much less say them. Your mother was upset." He quieted Dan as he had quieted Matt, and then he said, "Don't ever think so of mother, Dan. Remember it is our job—yours and mine and your brothers'—to love and take care

of her. She loves us all as we love her. Now take care of the others. I am going to have a talk with her."

When John found himself alone with Jenny he was half afraid, although he wondered why, because she seemed so small and so lonely. He put his arm around her shoulders without speaking and turned her toward the window where they looked out on gardens that were a mass of bloom. But after a moment she freed herself. He was between anger and be-

wilderment. "You can make me so damned miserable, Jenny. I love you. You know nothing can change that, and that means that you can hurt me more than I can be hurt by any one else in the world."

She came close to him, facing him calmly, her countenance composed and still. "I will not have you interfering with me, you good, righteous man," she said, "trying to tell me what I must and must not do." There was a bite like acid in her tones as she stood looking up at him. "John," she said, almost whispering, "you have really never known the woman you married. Do you remember all the things that Ephraim told you about me before you ever saw me?"

He could not speak, and she insisted, "Do you remember?"

He made a hoarse sound, no more than her name: "Jenny!"

She said implacably, "You have told me that you don't always understand. Well, I must help you—help you understand. You see, everything Ephraim told you about me was true."

John refused to admit to himself that there was any truth in Jenny's terrible words. He told himself that they were spoken in anger—the kind of vindictive anger that was her awful weakness—and he was glad when business required him to spend a great deal of time upriver in the lumber camps. He asked Lincoln Pitt-

ridge to keep an eye on the family during his absences. He was away from home when Margaret Saladine was married, and Pittridge was Jenny's escort. She told him that she was glad Margaret was marrying and implied that she thought John had always been very fond of Margaret, adding, "Although I wouldn't tell him so, I think she has always loved him." And, parting, she urged Pittridge to remember John's injunction to look after her and the children in his absence.

On his way home Pittridge's thoughts about Jenny seemed to him a betrayal of his friendship for John, and it was not until Jenny sent for him that he saw her again. At first she talked only of her charitable work, and this finally angered him, but when he tried to bring the talk to something more intimate she evaded him, and when he rose to go she did not try to keep him. But it was not long before she was telling him of her quarrel with John and of the differences they had had over the children. "We are strangers," she said, and her voice was a low wail of despair. Pittridge felt a sudden anger against his friend for his treatment of so beautiful a woman.

When John came home at Christmas for a brief stay, Pittridge had dinner at his house. It occurred to him that when John spoke of Margaret there was no reservation in his tone—nothing that seemed to bear out Jenny's suspicions.

Pittridge felt a deep contempt for himself because of his stifled hunger for Jenny. He made every effort to occupy his thoughts and his time and threw himself into work for community improvement. But Jenny seemed determined not to let him go, and there were constant requests for him to come to the house. One time the children were the excuse. The next, she needed advice on some problem that had arisen regarding the servants.

Soon it was impossible for him to live without seeing her daily. It was not long before he was as mad about her as Ephraim had been. He despised himself. At times he despised Jenny. They were companions in the betrayal of a good, honorable man. But again he would blame John. If John had lived with his wife in faith and love and trust, she would never have turned against him and, Pittridge felt, he himself would never have encountered the terrible temptations with which she beset him. He vowed many times that he would never see her again, but always she made him forget that vow. Finally, when he determined that he must break with her, she said: "I warn you I am not to be treated lightly or in any other way except as I desire."

When he told her he would leave town and live elsewhere, she said, "If you do, I will follow you." There was in her none of the regrets that tortured him. Instead of withdrawing in shame and horror from their sin, she was forever demanding. When he weakly spoke of their obligations to John, she said, "John's no anchorite, Lincoln. I could tell you things." She hesitated faintly, then added, "You wouldn't believe me, but you will know better some day." There was a quiet ferocity in her still tones and more than a casual threat in her manner.

☆ THE following summer a scandalmonger named Andrew Lebbeus started the Bangor Star, and in October it printed an affidavit by a servant once employed by Jenny charging that John had made advances to her and pursued her. John's friends urged him to bring suit. At the trial, which vindicated John, Jenny spoke as a devoted wife in his behalf; but Pittridge, a previous witness, had said, when asked his impression of Mr. Evered's reputation for chastity, "I am afraid that it is bad."

From that day Pittridge had no friends among the townspeople. Jenny was one of those who passed him without a glance. The man was like something betrayed and lost. Rumors spread that he had taken to drink.

John was upriver when Bangor had a bad flood. On the morning when the situation was most threatening, Pittridge helped the men who were moving lumber back from the river banks, rejoicing that in this common effort his help was welcomed. Darkness came and the torrent swept down. He was driven into an alley alongside Lena Tempest's house. Groping, he found and opened the front door. He started up the stairs, shouting a warning. Lena appeared at the head of the stairs and spoke his name. At a low command from behind her, she mo-

tioned him into a small lighted room. Its occupants were Jenny and an infant. In mocking amusement she watched his horror and bewilderment. There was no escaping the implications of the situation. He rushed from the house to the river bank.

There were various stories the next day. Some said that he had been swept away by the flood while trying to cross the bridge, others told of seeing a man wade waist-deep into the icy waters. At any rate, he was gone—gone forevermore, and none regretted him.

☆ DAN, the oldest of Jenny's sons, had always been more sensitive than the other boys about his mother's attitude toward his father, whom he worshiped. John saw this and did his best to help the boy. He told Dan of the love between Jenny and himself in the early years of their marriage, of their happiness in building their home. One day the boy said, "But don't you love each other now? I know you used to. I remember how happy we all were when you and she were happy together. But now you don't sleep in the same room and everything is different."

John said, "Well, Dan, marriage includes a lot of things. Sharing the same room is one, and a beautiful, happy part of marriage, but sometimes that has to end and there is nothing that can be done about it. It just ends. But marriage goes on, Dan. People once married are always married. Your mother is my wife just as surely as she is your mother, and she always will be. That can never be changed. I shall always be as good a husband as I can—just as you will always be a good son. That is all I can say."

"So many people like her," said Dan miserably. "So many people think she is wonderful."

"Exactly," John agreed, "and they

are right, Dan. That is the side of her nature that they see."

"I feel so sorry for her," Dan told his father, "and for you."

John said quietly, "Never feel sorry for me. No one need ever be sorry for me so long as I have a son like you."

☆ JOHN'S reward was to see his words bear fruit. Dan became his mother's devoted protector, but never by implication or actual lies could she shake his faith in his father.

As the boys grew older she aged markedly and her tyranny over them was unremitting. Tom at last went to sea. Dan and Matt went upriver with John, to be trained in lumbering, and Jenny was often alone, for Will had gone West to study medicine. Tom finally gave up the sea and settled in the South, where he married the daughter of a slaveowner. Presently Matt joined him, and Jenny was bitter at seeing her two sons take up life in a region where slavery, which she had always so passionately opposed, was an accepted thing. She even forbade the mention of their names in her presence.

The war between the states divided the brothers. Matt and Tom fought for the South. Dan and Will were in the Union army. Jenny's only concern was for them. Never did she express affection or concern for her sons on the opposing side.

Dan came out of the war incurably maimed, to find their mother racked by illness. Shortly she was confined to her bed. As her sufferings increased she became more and more rancorous toward John, but he saw her daily and told Dan, who needed no urging, that the young man's place was with her as long as she needed him. And she did need her son, for he seemed the only one with whom she was at peace. Uncomplainingly he gave her solace and friendship.

Sometimes her talk was malicious, sometimes humbly sad. "I have ruined every one who ever loved me, Dan," she said, "except your father. He was

too strong, too good. If he hated me, perhaps I would feel better about it. I used to love him, Dan, you know I did. I loved him as hard as I could because I thought loving him would make me a good woman, but it didn't, although loving him has made you good. You are good even to me."

Once she whispered, half to herself, "I have always been two people, one that was good and generous, the other ugly and terrible. Perhaps the good part of my nature is gone now, Dan. Perhaps it is the worst of me that you see. Yet there is some good left in me—the part that always loved you."

In accusing herself, Dan saw, she found a strange solace, and sometimes, to his agonized regret, she would talk like one in a confessional. She told him how she had plotted the whole scandal against his father, how she had bribed the maid to swear that John made love to her. Sometimes she spoke bitterly of the credulity of the townspeople who held her in such high esteem. In despair, Dan would kneel beside her as she wept, his arm across her shaking shoulders, forgetting everything except that she was racked with pain and broken.

It was not long before she died. The whole town, it seemed, came to her funeral with words of praise and sympathy. She had done much for many people. She had been generous with time and money in many good causes. That night John said with deep thankfulness to his son:

"She left a fine memory behind her, Dan."

In the hard months that preceded his mother's death, Dan had the solace of love. Margaret Saladine had come back to Bangor to make it her home. Her husband had been lost at sea and she was alone except for her young daughter Beth. Dan and Beth had known each other as children, when Margaret had visited her old home, and now this friendship grew into love. Jenny was jealous of Beth, but nothing that she could do changed the feeling that Dan and Beth had for each other.

☆ AFTER Jenny's death Dan met his severest test in sustaining his father. Jenny's will, which she had contrived to make a matter of public knowledge, disinherited John as well as her sons, except for the most trivial personal bequests. The rest of her estate she left to the child that had been born in Lena Tempest's house and was acknowledged in the will as the daughter of Jenny and Lincoln Pittridge.

For a long time after John and Dan had heard the reading of the will, neither of them moved. Then John said, "Let us go out, Dan. We must face the world, after all."

"I'll go with you," said Dan and together they left the house.

Dan's only thought was for his father. A great tenderness for him filled the young man's heart as he wished that he could find words to ease his pain.

When they reached the road, John paused and looked back at the big house where, when he was building it, he had hoped to spend a long and happy life. Dan looked back too. John said in a low tone, "It is the only home you have ever known, Dan."

Dan gripped his father's arm. "Father," he said, "for me—and for the others—home wasn't just that house. Home for us will be wherever you are."

John lifted his head and smiled at Dan in a way that made the young man deeply happy and proud.

That day John's friends met him as though nothing had happened. Every word that was spoken was casual and matter-of-fact, but they also gave John reassurance of the understanding and esteem the towns-

people had for him. When an old friend offered to drive him back home at the end of the day, John said, "Dan and I are putting up at the hotel for a while."

Dan felt, as they settled down for the night, that this black day, when they had read his mother's will, was already beginning to be forgotten. The sunset was fine and fair. The next day promised hope.

Dan and Beth were married at once at John's urging. "But you'll be alone," Dan told his father. "I can't bear to think of that."

"I am as well off alone, son," said John. "It will give me time to heal my wounds." And then he said in a strong certainty, "Your mother would have torn up that will if she had lived a little longer. You know that. She changed from day to day."

"I will remember many fine things about her," said Dan.

"Always remember them," John told him. "This other will be forgotten in a while. I want you to marry Beth. You have long years of happiness ahead."

Dan touched his father's arm in shy gratitude. "I want you to know," he said, "that it's you who have given all of us—Will and Tom and Matt and me—what strength there is in us. I will remember something mother said when I was little—that you were like a great beam that made the ridgepole of the house. You remember?"

"She said that long ago, when we built the house," John assented, his eyes clouding.

"We four have always known we could turn to you," said Dan, "and that you would be strong and understanding." Almost diffidently he went on, "Whenever I think of you, I think of that line in the Bible, 'Be ye therefore steadfast.' You are always the same."

Dan gratefully accepted his happiness with Beth, and after a year or so his mind was relieved of a great burden where his father was concerned. He felt sure that his father, in the later years of his life, would find companionship and peace with Margaret Saladine.

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ WOMAN OF THE YEAR

Being a newspaperman, it's hard to be objective about this picture, for it deals with all the fine and foolish things that make up the curious excitement of journalism. A lady foreign correspondent throws her weight on the side of democracy. A sports writer does exactly the same thing, as he challenges the power of Axis aggression to take away the things we are fighting for—in his case baseball.

Out of this simple set-up of contemporary emotional tensions, George Stevens and a brilliant cast have made a magnificently entertaining film. They have rarely referred to the war, even by implication. But they have made a screen comedy which has more sound philosophy and meaning than most of the shows which have caught on to the shirt tails of the present conflict.

Essentially Woman of the Year is the old story of the career girl who, faced with the responsibilities of marriage after a whirlwind courtship, refuses to accept them. Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin have prepared a brilliant script for the enterprise, in spite of obvious compromises. The show sparkles with witty lines, honest situations, and well conceived atmosphere. Call me prejudiced, if you want, but this is one of the best newspaper motion picture I have seen.

The plot is as simple as everyday living. A sports writer quarrels and makes up with his comely colleague on the paper. She is concerned with international power politics and looks down her nose at a game called baseball. The two get married, of course, but continue to fight about their respective jobs until the girl in question decides that marriage is something more than a side line to her being named the woman of the year.

Stevens has directed the show with great perception of human foibles and feelings. What will appeal to most filmgoers, though, is the fact that Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are co-starred in the offering and that such knowing assisting performers as Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, Minor Watson, and Sam Tobin get the feel of actual experience into their portrayals to make the whole production honest as well as engrossing and hilarious.

Miss Hepburn is particularly fine as the columnist finally brought to her senses by a hard-headed sports writer. Tracy is so good that he must be just about the best actor in Hollywood. Here is a show which is splendid entertainment for all filmgoers.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Gene Tierney plays a South Sea island belle in Son of Fury.

★ ★ ★ SON OF FURY

If this romantic melodrama about South Sea island shenanigans deserves special mention, it is because it gives the highly publicized Gene Tierney a role which she can handle. The Westchester belle is not asked to act. All she has to do is to wear a sarong, wiggle her hips, and pretend she doesn't know a word of English. For my money, it's a great improvement over her former assignments.

The important point about the film, of course, is the fact that Tyrone Power is playing another of those tight-lipped romantic roles in which he is so effective. In this case he makes a character come to life in the reign of King George III. As a bond-servant to a cruel uncle, who has done him out of his estates, he punches his way through adversity after adversity. Rarely has a hero taken more beatings than Power receives in this adaptation of the Edison Marshall novel.

All in all, the show comes under the heading of arrant costume-adventure melodrama. Power is certain to make the pulses of feminine filmgoers beat more quickly. The action is exciting and explicit. Meanwhile Miss Tierney, in her sarong, Frances Farmer, and Elsa Lanchester make a trio of handsome heart interests for the hero, and George Sanders is persuasively brutal as the wicked uncle.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion.

★★★—Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight.

THE DARK HOUR

BY JOHN HAWKINS

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ THEY had an early dinner, eating in the kitchen to save time. A small radio, tuned to a local station, filled the room with the noise and laughter of a network comedy program. Steve Hamilton was bringing a match flame to his cigarette when the program was interrupted for a crisp announcement, and the station went off the air.

"Blackout!" said Steve.

Dorothy, his wife, had already reached the light switch. She pressed it, and darkness sprang into the room. Thin and far away a siren lifted its voice in a banshee wail.

"There goes our quiet evening," she said.

"I'm sorry about the money." He moved to the chair where his gloves, jacket, and blue-lensed light had been piled against this moment. "Today's collections were heavy and I couldn't get back to the office with them. I hate to leave you here alone with all that money in the house."

The door opened and closed and Steve was gone—hurrying, like a thousand other civilians, to his emergency post. Dorothy gathered the dishes, thankful the noise had not awakened the children, Steve Jr. and Ronny.

Suddenly a low voice said, "Don't move, sister!"

Horror swelled up in her throat. A dish slipped from her hand.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

She could see him then, squarish and stocky, dimly outlined against the open door. Could see the faint, ugly shine of gun steel in his hand.

"What do you—want?"

"A briefcase your ol' man packs around. Where is it?"

"At his office. He—"

"Don't lie!" the man padded toward her. "Your ol' man collects rents for Morgan & Son. The dough's here!"

"Steve hid it," Dorothy began. "I don't—"

Savagely his hand lashed out to catch her full across the mouth. "I ain't goin' to waste time battin' yuh around," he said. "You got kids. You'll talk, or I'll go to work on them. Come on, sister. Give!"

"It—it's in the study," she breathed. "I'll show you."

She had taken but a single step when the radio came to life with a crisp: "Attention!" The stocky man lifted his hand to warn her back. "Blackout regulations are in force," the radio said. "All persons on the streets will be questioned. Those without proper credentials will be subject to fine and arrest!" Abruptly the station went off the air again.

"So I'm goin' to be here awhile," the man said. "But I ain't goin' to mind waitin' in the dark—not when I got dough in my hand. Lead on!"

"The study has blackout shutters," she said.

"Cozy," he said. "Real cozy."

The desk clock pointed its thin hands at midnight. Across the study, in the lamplight, the stocky man, his hat pulled down, sat in Steve's favorite chair. For the hundredth time, Dorothy studied his face: the heavy nose with its flaring nostrils, the crooked mouth, the spade chin.

"Think you'll know me again?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Sister, you're a bum liar."

The slow hours dragged away. One o'clock. Two. The stocky man's black eyes narrowed. His gun came up. "There's a double rap for any caper pulled during a blackout, sister. I ain't bitin' off twice twenty years."

"But that would be murder! You—"

"Yeah," he said flatly. "So what?"

And she knew there was no escape for her. She alone had seen him. With her out of the way, there'd be no description, no clue to his identity.

"I—may I make some coffee?"

"I could use some," he said. "But you'd have to show a light in the kitchen to make it. So it's no soap!"

"I can put up the blackout shutters."

"O. K.," he said.

He stayed close behind her, alert and wary, while she fitted the plywood shutters in place. Barely visible, centered in each square of dim gray light, were the twin wreaths of artificial holly, kept there through the months because the boys had made them for her at Christmas.

She fitted the last shutter in place, hiding the wreaths. She touched the light switch. She busied herself making coffee and sandwiches.

The stocky man ate with gloved hands, wolfing his food, gun and leather pouch within easy reach.

Suddenly he stiffened. "What's that?"

"The boys are awake," she whispered. "I— Please!" Her voice climbed. "They won't come down. Don't hurt them! Don't—"

"Shut up!" he snapped.

He left his chair and came around the table, gun in hand. Dorothy went backward. He followed.

"Freeze!" a big voice said. "Right there!"

The stocky man spun to face the sound, to face the two men who were crowding through the back door—big men who wore A. R. P. arm bands. The stocky man swore. His gun came up. Dorothy Hamilton caught at his arm. Dimly she heard the brittle crack of the gunshot, then the sodden smack of fist on bone.

Later, after a prowl car had taken the stocky man away, Dorothy made fresh coffee for the two A. R. P. men. One, Lewis, was a neighbor.

"The chap worked in the downtown garage where Steve keeps his car," Lewis said. "Today, when Steve didn't check in, he knew the collection money must be here."

"I was afraid he'd guess what I was trying to do," Dorothy said. "He didn't notice the wreaths, though, didn't see there was an electric candle in each of them."

"The shutters fit over the wreaths?"

"Yes. The wreaths were between the plyboard and the glass. From the inside you couldn't see that the lights were on. The switch is over the sink."

Lewis said, "I knew something was wrong when I saw the lights. Steve's an air-raid warden; you wouldn't leave lights on in a blackout."

"Hey!" the other man said. "Listen."

"Sirens," said Dorothy, smiling. "The all-clear."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1.

Thomas, a Robust Tenor, could take high C in his stride.

He'd sing the whole sextet from "Lucia" without Wilting a Whisker.

But who wants to sing (or live) unaccompanied?

2.

Enter Felice, the original Kitten on the Keys.

She played piano like a Four-handed Paderewski.

So when she met Thomas at a Fish Supper, they were Like That in No Time.

3.

When Thomas and Felice said, "I do," it was a glorious Merger of Talents.

You might even call it a "Happy Blending".

That's what everyone calls CALVERT'S Skillful Mating of fine whiskey characteristics into *One Superb Blend.*

4.

It's this "Happy Blending" of rare Whiskey Qualities that gives CALVERT its finer, richer flavor... its mellow Satin-Smoothness! You'll get America's favorite Luxury Whiskey* in CALVERT. Try it yourself... today!

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THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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NO CENSOR TO GUIDE HIM

Meet Morgan, radio's madman —Here's how he got that way!

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY EDWARD R. SAMMIS

☆ IN all the history of radio there never has been anything like Henry ("Here's Morgan") Morgan.

There's an embryo Henry Morgan in practically every office. You know —the brash youth who is always talking out of turn. Only he usually winds up getting fired for it.

But Henry Morgan talks out of turn five nights a week on the nationwide WOR Mutual Network and makes some $300 a week out of it.

He hurls insults at the eardrums of his listeners; he makes merry with those who pay him his salary check; and when local sponsors put extra money in his pocket he gibes at the product he is paid to advertise. And he makes everybody—well, almost everybody—like it.

Morgan has no inhibitions. He once auctioned off WOR to the highest bidder, throwing in the vice-president in charge of programs for twenty-three dollars extra.

He has satirized most of Mutual's pet programs, among them the behind-the-news show, Confidentially Yours. In Morgan's version, called Confidentially Mine, he reveals his own sensational beats from such exclusive sources as "A man disguised as a typewriter in the State Department." He once disposed of news analysts in a one-line weather report: "Commentators—followed by fog."

At sixteen, Henry got his first job as a page boy at a New York radio station, WMCA. It was a great blow to him when he found that chief among his duties was the task of cleaning the inkwells for a duchess at the reception desk.

From then on, he did little of anything but stand with his arms folded and sneer. Finally the Morgan sneer came to the attention of Donald Flamm, who owned the station.

"Henry," said Mr. Flamm, "you're the worst page boy we ever had. You won't even work."

"Don't like to work," said Henry.

"Is there anything you can do?"

"I can announce."

Probably with the hope of putting him in his place, Henry was given an audition. He landed on the announcing staff at the fancy figure of eighteen dollars a week. Hours: until.

One of his assignments was announcing "remote" dance-band broadcasts. "Remote" band announcers go out to hotels, night clubs, or taverns around town whence dance bands broadcast in the late evening hours, and interpolate explanatory remarks such as "Toots Twitch and His Rhythm Boys will now play . . ."

Radio's problem child, who refuses to make sense even in a photograph.

It is the prevailing belief in radio circles that a "remote" band announcer might as well be talking into a dead microphone, for all anybody cares. This is important to the Morgan saga, because it first gave him the notion of relieving the utter boredom of his chore by giving tongue to whatever fancies came to mind.

There was a number in vogue at the time called Chinese Rhythm. Whenever it came up, which was about every five minutes, Morgan would do the announcements in pidgin English: "You now hear velly fine song same playee all along Cab Calloway."

But Morgan had at least one listener. He would no sooner be off the air than there would be his boss on the phone, demanding, "What was that you just said?"

At that point Morgan wouldn't talk. But the next night he'd be at it again.

From WMCA Morgan moved on to WABC and thence to WCAU in Philadelphia. Here he found a situation made to order. Some of his programs went to the Dixie network and were not heard north of the Mason-Dixon line. After exhausting the possibilities for ad lib. badinage, he decided to branch out locally. Announcing a missing persons program one night, he included Dr. Levy, head man of the station, among the missing. Philadelphia heard about that, all right. So did Morgan.

Later there followed other episodes in Duluth, Boston, and Brooklyn. And finally Morgan turned up at WOR as staff announcer, again assigned to "remote" dance bands. One night he found himself saying:

"This program is coming to you from So-and-So Tavern, forty-five minutes from Times Square if you're riding a motorcycle with a triple overdrive."

The Tavern people called WOR officials, who called Morgan—to account.

"I've got all this stuff boiling up in me," Morgan explained. "There's only one solution. Give me a spot of my own on the air to get rid of it."

Much to his surprise, they gave him one—on Saturday mornings. "Nobody cared," says Morgan. "Then they

(Continued on second page following)

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Famous Hollywood Columnist

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

You don't have to be a Veronica Lake or a Clark Gable to take a screen test. Just get your pencil and paper and see what you know about the movies by trying to answer these questions. Then look at the answers and see if you passed.

1—What is the name of the first all-talking motion picture?

2—Do you know the first name of Laurel? Hardy? De Mille? Margo? Van Dyke?

3—Name five famous film detectives.

4—Are the following related, and if so, how? Joan Bennett and Gilbert Roland; Fred Allen and Gracie Allen; Lucille Le Sueur and Franchot Tone; Jane Peters and Carole Lombard; Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland.

5—What was the first picture ever to win the Academy Award?

6—Name six men who have made love to Greta Garbo in the movies. Name four who have made love to Garbo without a scenario.

7—If the name of the film company wasn't flashed on the screen, by what trade-mark would you know a Paramount picture? A Warner Brothers picture? A Columbia picture? A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture?

8—Who was the "Oomph Girl" of silent movies? What noted writer gave her the name—a two-letter word?

9—What picture skyrocketed each of these people to fame: D. W. Griffith? James Cagney? Frank Capra? Shirley Temple?

10—Name three performers who have appeared in the talkies and yet have never spoken a word.

11—What do the initials in the following names stand for: The C in W. C. Fields? The E in Joe E. Brown? The F in Darryl F. Zanuck? The B in Louis B. Mayer?

12—What was Hollywood's first feature-length Technicolor film? Hint: It was a silent picture.

13—You have seen the Thin Man pictures. Who played the Thin Man?

14—Who was the original screen Bulldog Drummond? Raffles? Philo Vance?

15—What personalities do these articles identify: A monocle? A pair of glasses? Top hat and full-dress suit? A bathtub? A half dollar?

16—Name three of Chaplin's leading ladies before Paulette Goddard.

17—Who was the first movie star?

18—What British monarch was portrayed by each of these performers: Charles Laughton? Bette Davis? Basil Rathbone? Anna Neagle?

19—What movie actor has received the degree of Doctor of Music?

20—In what picture did Katharine Hepburn lose the back of her skirt? Did Warner Baxter sleep with a horse? Was Myrna Loy knocked out by a sock on the jaw? Was Norma Shearer buried alive?

21—Name three actresses who are married to directors.

22—Who is the tallest: Clark Gable, Brian Aherne, Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, or Tyrone Power?

23—Name five stars who appeared in that all-star picture Grand Hotel.

24—What character of the movies was troubled by each of these problems: Marrying off five daughters; The dominating memory of a first wife? The degeneration of an overindulged child?

25—During her entire career, only one actor has ever been billed above Garbo. Name him.

26—What stars were discovered in the following pictures: A Bill of Divorcement? Night After Night? Society Doctor? Three Smart Girls? Stand Up and Cheer?

27—Name five actors who use their middle initial in their screen names.

28—How did Hollywood get its name?

29—Name two stars who have played the role of Catherine the Great. Name two who have played Madame Du Barry. Two who have played Abraham Lincoln.

30—When was the first movie shown in America?

31—Before Walt Disney discovered Mickey Mouse he was doing another cartoon for the movies. What was it?

32—With what movie names are the following songs associated: Falling in Love? Whistle While You Work? You Were Meant for Me? Love in Bloom?

33—Who played Rebecca in the film of that name?

34—Name two pictures with all-female casts, and two pictures with all-male casts.

35—Can you name each picture and actor associated with these lines of dialogue? "There is no such thing as a bad boy." "The so-and-so stole my watch!" "You'll take our beer or you'll take nobody's beer." "Women should be struck regularly, like gongs."

36—Hollywood has been the subject of many pictures. Name five.

37—What two actresses have played love scenes with their ex-husbands, and in what pictures?

38—Who played the role of the Frisco Kid? Kid Galahad? The Kid from Spain? The Kid?

39—What movie actor long recognized as a Western cowboy is in reality a cowboy from New York City?

40—Can you give the titles of three musical films, one named after a famous thoroughfare, and two named for streets?

(Answers will be found on next page)

FORTY ANSWERS

By Sidney Skolsky

to his questions on preceding page

1—Lights of New York, made by Warner Brothers in 1928.

2—Stan Laurel. Oliver Hardy. Cecil De Mille. Margo is just Margo. William S. Van Dyke.

3—Nick Charles of The Thin Man; Mr. Moto; Charlie Chan; Ellery Queen; Philo Vance.

4—Joan Bennett and Gilbert Roland are related because Mr. Roland is married to Joan's sister Constance; Fred Allen and Gracie Allen are not related; Lucille Le Sueur, who is now Joan Crawford, used to be the wife of Franchot Tone; Jane Peters and Carole Lombard are one and the same; and Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland are sisters.

5—Wings, in 1927.

6—On the screen, John Gilbert, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor, and Charles Boyer have made love to Garbo. The four men who made love to her without a scenario are John Gilbert, Rouben Mamoulian, Leopold Stokowski, and Gaylord Hauser.

7—Paramount—a mountain peak encircled by stars. Warner Brothers—a shield bearing the initials WB. Columbia—the figure of a woman holding a lighted torch. Metro—Leo the lion and the Latin motto, "Ars gratia artis."

8—Clara Bow. Elinor Glyn gave her the title "It."

9—D. W. Griffith became famous after The Birth of a Nation, James Cagney after The Public Enemy, Frank Capra after Lady for a Day, and Shirley Temple after Little Miss Marker.

10—Harpo Marx, Charlie McCarthy, and Dopey.

11—William Claude Fields, Joe Evans Brown, Darryl Francis Zanuck, and Louis Burt Mayer.

12—Douglas Fairbanks' The Black Pirate.

13—Edward Ellis.

14—Ronald Colman. House Peters. William Powell.

15—Monocle—either George Arliss or Eric von Stroheim. Eyeglasses—Harold Lloyd. Top hat and full-dress suit—Fred Astaire. For a long time Cecil De Mille didn't know how to make a picture without a bathtub in it. George Raft tossed a half dollar and himself into a screen career in Scarface.

16—Edna Purviance, Merna Kennedy, and Virginia Cherrill.

17—The actress known only as the "Imp Girl" until she became so popular Carl Laemmle let the world know her real name was Florence Lawrence.

18—Charles Laughton appeared as Henry VIII, Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth, Basil Rathbone as Richard III, and Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria.

19—Bing Crosby. It was given him by Gonzaga University.

20—Hepburn in Bringing Up Baby; Baxter in Broadway Bill; Loy in The Thin Man; Shearer in Romeo and Juliet.

21—Genevieve Tobin is married to William Keighley. Ann Dvorak to Leslie Fenton, Karen Morley to Charles Vidor.

22—Brian Aherne.

23—Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Wallace Beery, John Barrymore, and Lionel Barrymore.

24—Mrs. Bennett in Pride and Prejudice; Mrs. De Winter in Rebecca; and William Essex, father of Oliver Essex, in My Son, My Son.

25—Ricardo Cortez. Billed above Garbo in her first picture, The Torrent.

26—Hepburn was discovered in A Bill of Divorcement; Mae West in Night After Night; Robert Taylor in Society Doctor; Deanna Durbin in Three Smart Girls; and Shirley Temple in Stand Up and Cheer.

27—Edward G. Robinson, W. C. Fields, Joe E. Brown, H. B. Warner, and Irvin S. Cobb.

28—The most authentic version of how Hollywood got its name concerns Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California Missions, who paused on his way north to say the Mass of the Holy Wood, and the settlement took that name.

29—Catherine the Great—Elizabeth Bergner and Marlene Dietrich. Du Barry—Gladys George and Norma Talmadge. Lincoln—Henry Fonda and Raymond Massey There are others, too.

30—On April 23, 1896, in New York City, at Koster and Bial's Music Hall.

31—Oswald the Rabbit.

32—Dietrich. The Seven Dwarfs. Charles King. Bing Crosby.

33—No one. Rebecca was never seen in the picture.

34—Two all-female pictures were Maedchen in Uniform and The Women. Two all-male pictures were Journey's End and Dawn Patrol.

35—Spencer Tracy in Boys Town; Adolphe Menjou in The Front Page; James Cagney in The Public Enemy; and Robert Montgomery in Private Lives.

36—A Star Is Born; What Price Hollywood? Hollywood Boulevard; Stand-In; Merton of the Movies.

37—Margaret Sullavan played love scenes with ex-husband Henry Fonda in The Moon's Our Home, and Carole Lombard with ex-husband William Powell in My Man Godfrey.

38—James Cagney. Wayne Morris. Eddie Cantor. Jackie Coogan.

39—Harry Carey.

40—Broadway Melody. Forty-second Street. Fifty-second Street.

NO CENSOR TO GUIDE HIM—Continued from second page preceding

gave me an evening spot. Still nobody cared."

But somewhere along the line people began to care. A Morgan cult cropped up: an astonishing collection ranging from professional humorists and show people—James Thurber, Will Cuppy, Fanny Brice, Olsen and Johnson, Herman Shumlin—to clergymen, children, taxi drivers, and an admiring clique in an insane asylum.

Locally, Morgan has a number of participating sponsors. They contract for a series of "spot" commercials, often on a short-term basis. This creates the impression that sponsors are always leaving him in a huff, which isn't the case.

His only open breach was with the Life Saver people. Morgan had been giving some thought to those holes in the middle of Life Savers. One night he announced that he had reached a satisfactory solution with the company. They were going to sell *him* the holes, which he would merchandise as "Morgan's Mint Middles—with the same delicious flavors, magnesium, concrete, tarpaulin, etc."

The Life Saver people began to doubt that their money was going for the most effective sales promotion, and canceled.

More typical has been his relationship with the Adler Shoe firm, one of his current sponsors and also one of his first.

Things went all right until the Adlers came on with a commercial for the Adler Knockabout in a wide variety of colors. After making a nimble running through the spectrum, Morgan put in as an afterthought:

"I wouldn't wear those colors to a dogfight."

One of the Adlers remonstrated.

"That's a negative approach," he chided.

So the next night Morgan fixed things up.

"All right," he said, "I *would* wear those colors to a dogfight."

After that the Adlers sort of gave up. They shake their heads and say, "He sure is a crazy boy, isn't he?"

Nobody, not even Morgan, ever really knows what he's going to say. He goes through the formality of reading a script over the phone to the program department. But this is meaningless because, by the time it reaches the air, the show will have been richly embroidered with spur-of-the-moment inspirations.

Morgan now has five network programs a week. He never works with an audience, like most radio funny men. People make him nervous.

The only onlooker Morgan can't escape is Sam (full name Samuel F. B. Morse, a descendant of that Morse who gave Morgan his start by inventing the telegraph). Sam stands on the other side of the glass panel and works the controls for Morgan.

Most of the time Sam is a diligent engineer. But when Morgan is on, he finds happy release in doubling as a demented Toscanini in charge of the more or less musical interludes. These start out as daffy bits from old records. When Sam gets through with them, their own composers wouldn't know them. He plays them fast, slow, and backward, with sound effects, doing his musical best to top the insanity of Morgan's chatter.

With a natural flare for mimicry, Morgan sometimes injects so many voices into the show that you would think he was working with a large and versatile cast.

People in radio wonder how long he can keep up the dizzy pace. But he shows no signs of weakening. He can get a humorous twist out of any subject. And when he runs out of other targets he turns on himself:

"The other night I stopped in a bar and grill and caught a recorded broadcast of myself. My gosh, this is an annoying program. It just goes on and on."

After all, what's going to stop any one like that?

THE END

1942's Thrilling Magazine Bargain

True Story Now 10c

WHEN TRUE STORY was reduced to 10 cents for the first time last month, hundreds of thousands of women joyously greeted this price change as the magazine sensation of the new year!

Veteran TRUE STORY readers and women buying the magazine for the first time all agree that this bigger, better, more beautiful TRUE STORY not only is revitalized and styled for their added reading enjoyment, but now this great magazine chock full of romance, thrills and adventure happily fits every woman's budget!

Do you have the regular TRUE STORY habit? Start now by reading the March issue today! Remember, TRUE STORY is only 10 cents everywhere!

March

Now 10c

March True Story Presents

★

"LOVE IS FOR THE FREE"—every American woman should read this momentously timely book-length true novel of love and sacrifice in the nerve center of our nation's defense operations!

"DRUGSTORE COLLEGE"—a girl never had a more unusual or fascinating collegiate education than the heroine of this complete true novelette!

"BRIEF MOMENT OF LOVE"—begin this grand new serial about our navy's "young admirals"—their lives, loves, and adventures.

"THREE MEN AND AN HEIRESS"—Chick Farmer, prominent publicity agent of one of New York's gayest nightspots, reveals this strange socialite romance.

★

"Unwilling Widow"—"Borrowed Baby"—"To Keep Myself Pure"—"I married a Prizefighter"—Dozens of smash stories and features.

True Story

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

The lady was kissed. She cried. More kisses, more tears . . . How is a man to understand?

BY ELSWYTH THANE

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ WHEN Elizabeth Dare, singer in exclusive night clubs and musical shows, and Rodney Monroe, young ornithologist, fall in love, they both fight against it. Elizabeth wants a husband who will stay safely at home, not be constantly going off on field trips to dangerous tropical countries. Rodney is wrapped up in his work and feels that Elizabeth has no place in his life. His love is too strong for him, however, and he asks her to marry him. She refuses. Moreover, she tells him angrily, if he wants to go to Mexico looking for harpy eagles, to Mexico he shall go. She will get Andrew Blaine, who manages her affairs for her, to finance his trip.

PART THREE—"WELL, SNORKY, HE'S OURS"

☆ THE course of a theatrical production, like that of true love, is never smooth. When Elizabeth got back to town she found that the new show had developed leading-man trouble and was indefinitely held up. After a couple of stormy sessions in Pete's office, she resigned herself to waiting till Hollywood could be made to disgorge any one of the only three leading men who were good enough to keep up with Liz Dare, and rang up Andrew Blaine.

The following day she lunched with him at India House, a ceremony she always enjoyed. Andrew Blaine might be in his sixties, but he was still the handsomest man in Wall Street. He had white hair, and enough of it; knowing ice-blue eyes with little laugh wrinkles all around them; a clipped mustache; and two deep lines, also from laughter, in his lean cheeks. His chin was square with a slight cleft in it. His figure was thirtyish at most. Widowered for the past ten years, he was every hostess' dream of the Extra Man, and an escort to be prayed for by any female over twenty.

Elizabeth, who knew she had the inside track with him, touched her sherry glass to his and watched him with satisfaction over the brim as she sipped. Andrew, for his part, observed that her fabulous eyelashes rayed upward in something more than her usual look of trustful, innocent anticipation.

"Now, then," he began as soon as the serious work of ordering lunch had been done, "suppose you tell me just what it is you've been up to."

"Why, Andrew, aren't you clever? How did you know there's anything?"

"You've got cream on your whiskers, Liz, and you're purring like an expensive car. Confess."

"Well, first of all, I want ten thousand dollars."

Andrew raised his eyebrows. "Those sables have come over you again," he said.

"Nope. No sables this time. It's a trip to Mexico."

Andrew's brows went still higher. "You mean you want me to *buy* you Mexico?" he inquired.

"I wouldn't have the place as a gift! It's for somebody else."

"M'm-hm," he said suspiciously. "Perhaps you'd better begin at the beginning."

"Well, to go way back—did you know there was a Biological Station not far from Sam's place in Maine?"

"Vaguely," he said.

"Well, I got sort of interested in it. It was a nice crowd, really. One night they gave a party for me. There was a man there who studies birds—I forget the word for it. And more than anything else he wants to go to Mexico to catch eagles. And finally I decided it would serve him right if he d-damned well had to go and do it!"

"I dare say it would. But why should it cost me money?"

"Oh, please don't be like this!" she entreated. "I'm not a fool. I do know something about men by now, and this

He removed his gaze from her face and obediently turned his attention to the portfolio's contents.

one is—is the one I want to marry."

"Then where does Mexico come in? As a bribe?"

"No. As a purgative. You see, he's got this trip on his mind. He won't be happy till he's done it. But if he goes and gets it out of his system, maybe then I'll stand a chance. I don't give a hoot about his eagles, but I am in love with Rodney Monroe, and if he can't settle down until he's—"

"*Who?*" Andrew's soup spoon had stopped halfway to his mouth.

"Rodney Monroe, the man I'm—"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" he remarked, and laid down his spoon and gave her his whole attention. "Mexico, is it. How much does he want?"

"Ten thousand. Do you *know* him?"

"No, but I'd like to. When does he want the money?"

Elizabeth was looking bewildered. "Andrew, I don't understand. There was nothing doing at all, and then as soon as I said his name, you—"

"It happens to be one of the biggest names in American ornithology. Why, Rodney Monroe's written a book on migration that begins where all the others leave off." He looked at her again penetratingly, as though seeing her in a new light. "It makes less sense than ever now. What does Rodney Monroe think of you? Oh, yes—he wants to marry you."

"He doesn't, really; it's only that he can't live without me—he says."

"I can see how that might be," he said, his eyes on her face. "Liz, are you serious about this?"

"I think if I lose him now I'll just want to die."

"Extraordinary," said Andrew. "Are

you going to Mexico with him, then?"

"Heavens, no! We had a sort of fight about that. The way we left it, he was going to Mexico and I wasn't going to marry him at any price. But I will when he gets back, if he asks me again. You'll make sure that he does get back, won't you?"

"Liz, if you don't show me this man before the week is out I shall die of curiosity! Are you *sure* it's Rodney Monroe you're talking about? I suppose there couldn't be two of them?"

"He isn't anything like what you'd expect a professor would be."

"Obviously," said Andrew. "Wire him tonight. Ask him to come down at once. Tell him I can't stand the suspense. Have a dinner for him. Or shall I give the dinner?"

"I will. And if you don't mind, I'll write him a letter instead of wiring. I'll need more words, you see, because we—well, we weren't exactly speaking to each other when I left."

☆ THE dinner did not take place until three weeks later, after the Biological Station had closed. Liz couldn't understand why Rodney couldn't just leave and come down to New York, and told him so when he telephoned her early one morning.

"If Mr. Blaine really means it, he won't change his mind in three weeks' time," Rodney said. "I could write to him, of course, but it seems like taking a good deal for granted."

"Why does it? The money's yours, if ever you get around to collect it!"

"Very well, I'll write him, and I'll be at your dinner three weeks from tomorrow. And you remember that bet I lost, about Mercer? Well, I'll settle that too, while I'm there."

"Dinner. Just us, somewhere."

"Absolutely. You said something about cloth of gold."

"You'll get it," she assured him.

☆ ON the night of the dinner Rodney looked (and there was only one word for it) Magnificent. Heaven help you, Liz, she thought, if ever you had any sense about him, it's all to-hell-and-gone now!

To the other guests—Andrew Blaine and his sister Minnie, the Daltons, Stanley the publisher, and Caroline Jones—the guest of honor obviously came as a surprise. Elizabeth could see them swiftly revising their ideas of scientists and professors—as she had done on that first day. She saw, too, that it registered with the audience that Rodney was friendly with Snorky, that he called her Liz, that he knew Mary well enough to go out into the kitchen to compliment her on the dinner which Gertrude, Mary's niece, had served in Elizabeth's robin's-egg blue dining room.

I'm compromised, that's what I am, thought Elizabeth. And later, when every one except Andrew and Rodney had gone and the three were having brandy-and-soda before the fire, she said to Rodney, "Well, thanks to you, my reputation isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"What have I done now?"

She raised her glass at him. "Here's to Liz Dare. I hear she's got off with a college professor, I *wonder* what they find to talk about!"

"Well, I offered to make an honest woman of you, and you turned me down," he reminded her, and while she was still speechless he glanced at Andrew, who sat in a corner of the davenport with his brandy-and-soda, enjoying himself immensely. "All right, Liz—before witnesses: Are you going to marry me before or after I make this trip?"

"How do I know you'll get back from a place like Mexico?"

"Oh, Mexico's out," he said airily. "I'm going farther south now—to Central America."

She looked from one to the other with apprehension. Andrew buried himself quickly in his glass.

"Why?" she demanded. "What have you two been hatching behind my back?"

"The fact is, Mexico is too safe and civilized," Rodney explained, watching her from the hearthrug. "I'm going down where it's really wild and things pop out at you from behind every tree."

"Who s-suggested Central America?" demanded Elizabeth, both frightened and angry. "You, Andrew?"

"Mr. Blaine knows a house I can get very cheap," Rodney continued, "down on the west coast, for headquarters. It belonged to a planter who got some horrible tropical disease and came up here and died of it."

"Andrew, how dare you send him to a place like that?"

"Honey, I was fooling," said Rodney. "Don't fall for it."

"You mean it won't be any more dangerous than Mexico would be?"

"Of course not. Much more comfortable than anything I had thought of, and just as good, if not better, for what I want to do."

"I'll have a check for you tomorrow," said Andrew. "And now, good night, Liz." He took her by the elbows and kissed her cheek, as was his established privilege. "Thank you for another delightful evening."

She followed them out into the foyer, and Rodney stood looking down at her, his hat in his hand.

"Good night, Liz. I'll phone you in the morning about tomorrow night." His forefinger rested a moment beneath her tilted chin.

And then they were gone.

☆ TAKE notice of a man the waiters adore at sight. He's got something. Liz Dare had seldom been seated and served with more punctilio and solicitude and flourish than was commanded by the unaggressive presence of Rodney at the St. Regis, where they went the next evening.

Liz wore an intricate gown that had brought an incredulous gasp from Rodney.

"By golly, it *is* cloth of gold!" he had said.

"I promised you it would be," she had said, smiling.

The meal he ordered maintained his prestige with the staff and delighted her critical palate. Rodney knew his way around a menu, that was plain. Dry champagne, too.

After that, Elizabeth was hardly surprised that he danced like something straight from heaven, with a subtle lag in tempo that you have to be born with. The slow waltz finished her off entirely. By the end of it she was nestled against him in a sort of blissful coma.

"Well, I finally got you tamed," he remarked as they reached the table and he slid her chair under her. "I thought I never would."

"How was I to know you'd dance like something I've always dreamed about? You're wonderful!"

"Don't forget," he said matter-of-factly.

"Rodney. Tell me the story of your life." She sat looking at him—well, *gloating* at him—her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, while the waiter hovered devoutly above him, serving the salad.

☆ "WHEN were you born?" she asked with seeming irrelevance, when the waiter had gone.

"You couldn't do it in your head," he said. "I've been thirty-two for several months now."

"Oh, heavens, are you as young as *that?*"

"I'll be gray around the ears soon enough if this goes on," he told her moodily. "I've an idea you can age a man pretty rapidly. And how about yourself, grandma? Which side were you on in the Civil War?"

"Well, it's only fair to tell you, I've been twenty-nine for several years now."

"That's a nice age," he remarked thoughtfully. "Maybe I should have stopped there myself."

"Don't you care?"

"All I really care about," he said, "is the water that has run under bridges since 1930, when I first saw you, singing that one little number at the Winter Garden. Why I didn't get busy right then, I can't think."

"You were still in school!"

"And you were already married. So what? So we've wasted a lot of time. Let's dance this."

She was very silent in the cab going home, even after he had, with his usual presence of mind, closed the glass between them and the driver.

"Tired?" he said, and she shook her head. "Cold? Sleepy? Bored?"

"It's the nicest evening I've ever had, Rodney."

"Well, thanks," he said, and held her fingers briefly against his lips. "Considering some of the evenings you must have had, that is a real compliment to me. What's so special about tonight? Name three. I dare you."

"Tall, dark, and handsome—able to order a meal—able to get round a dance floor—and on top of all that, I think you're the *kindest* creature I ever knew."

"Let's see, now. Tall, yes, I admit that. Dark—your eyes are brown and

mine are sort of gray. Handsome—maybe you'd better look again where the light is better. It doesn't take any particular amount of imagination to order a meal like that—beef, if it is properly cooked, is still the best food in any language. One of the things they taught me at college was not to fall over my own feet while the dance band was playing or while I was carrying the ball. As for the last part—well, I don't think I have the makings of a wife-beater."

"Pity," said Elizabeth.

"It is too bad. I've an idea you're going to need it now and then."

"I'm not going to marry you, you know."

"We'll go into that when we get upstairs."

☆ ONCE more he fitted her key into a door, and they entered a warm lighted room. A tray with whisky and soda and glasses and an ice bucket was on the table.

"You can have hot milk if you'd rather," she offered. "I'm going to." She rang the bell.

"All right, I will. I'm cold sober now. I might as well stay that way while we figure things out. Let me take that." He laid competent hands on the fur wrap on her shoulders.

"I'll go tell 'em in the kitchen you want milk, else we'll only get one—one glass—between us—" Her voice faded away breathlessly, for she had caught his eyes. His hands were still on her shoulders.

"Here we go again," he whispered, and kissed her. "It's been too long—much too long," he said then. "Come here, I want another." He took it.

"Look out, Rodney. I've rung the bell!"

"I'll teach you to ring bells!" he muttered, and lifted her off her feet and sat down with her on his lap in a big chair.

"Rodney, she'll bring the milk!"

"Let her. She might as well get used to this!"

With a little sound, half laugh, half sob, she nestled against his shoulder.

It was Mary who brought the hot milk, because Gertrude had not yet got back from the movies. Rodney looked up at her without any embarrassment, while Elizabeth, who until now had managed to keep her private life out of the servants' view, buried her face against him like an ostrich and pretended she wasn't there at all.

"Good evening, Mary," said Rodney politely. "Just set it down. Don't congratulate me yet, but I think I'm making progress."

Mary gave him her indulgent smile, put the tray down on the coffee table near by, and left the room.

"Oddly enough," said Rodney, "there are two glasses of hot milk. Liz—? Liz, for the love of Mike, you're not *crying!*" He pushed back her hair. His fingers touched her cheek and came away wet. "Is that my fault? I never meant to make you cry." He found her chin and turned it upward.

Tom's morning is a total loss

TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE: but he's going to call on a customer at 10.

Scared to risk interruption of a sale, he postpones taking anything—postpones needed relief.

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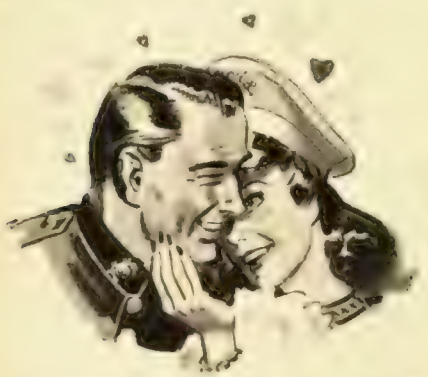

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Her eyes were swimming, her cheeks shone in the lamplight, her lips were unsteady. He felt now as though he had struck the orphan child with a baseball bat. "Honey, whatever it is, I never meant to. I'll never do it again. I'm sorry, I apologize, I grovel. I'm lower than a snake's belly, only tell me why you're crying!"

☆ HE took out his handkerchief and began to dry her.

"R-Rodney—"

"Yes, my darling. Tell me."

Instantly she was flooded again.

"You m-mustn't say things like that! Here I am t-trying to pull myself together so we can drink the m-milk before it gets cold, and you call me d-darling *for the first time!*" she wailed, and hid herself again in his shirt front. She held to him convulsively and howled.

"There," he said, when the storm at last had spent itself. "That was quite a cry. You'll feel better now. Handkerchief?" He put it in her groping hand.

"I'm so sorry, Rodney. I never meant to d-drench you."

"Maybe I had it coming to me," he remarked with equanimity. "Think nothing of it." She felt his balance shift under her in the chair as he reached a long arm for the milk. "Have some of this. Neat."

Like a child, she drank while he held the glass.

"It didn't get so c-cold, after all."

They shared the milk until the glass was empty.

"I'm still waiting to know what happened," Rodney said.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened. I was trying to get myself screwed up to send you away forever, and you were so sweet to me—"

"Was that what you were trying to do? I wondered. It didn't seem to work, did it?"

"But, Rodney, I—"

"Liz, wait. Sit still and listen to me." He laid his cheek against hers. "Let's do it the hard way. Let's get married now—before I go."

She was suddenly so still she hardly seemed to breathe. It wasn't any use any more, she was thinking. There was something in knowing when you were licked. We were both wrong, Marcia. When it's Rodney, you just take what there is to have and you are grateful.

Rodney was looking down at her. "No arguments?" he whispered.

"Whatever you want—whenever you want it." Her eyes met his, and he knew what she meant, and smiled before he kissed her.

"Well, now we're getting some place," he said a few minutes later. "Let's see, now. I can't get down here again till Wednesday afternoon. We can get the license hocus-pocus over then, and have dinner together. And on Saturday I can get here before noon, and we can be married and have the week-end somewhere. That's all a college professor is entitled to for a honeymoon. What's the matter? Is Saturday too soon for you?"

She shook her head. She was looking a little puzzled.

"Do you want to be married in church," he went on gravely, "or do you prefer the City Hall?"

"City Hall will do," she answered, dazed.

"Hadn't we better ask Blaine to give you away at the wedding?"

She nodded speechlessly.

"Let him do the rest of the thinking for us, then; that's all I'm good for—at the moment. Liz darling, I'll make you happy somehow. And now," he added a few minutes later, "would you mind if I did have that whisky?" Quite firmly, with no further foolishness, he put her off his lap and rose and poured out a stiff drink. "How about you?"

"No, thanks." She came and knelt on the davenport, watching him.

"You're so quiet," he said, as the soda fizzed into his glass. "Are you having regrets already?"

"I was just thinking—that nothing I've got is quite good enough for you."

It was the first time she had ever seen him even for a moment nonplused. He hesitated, the glass halfway to his lips, thrown right out of his stride.

"If you say that again in a week's time, I'll deal with it," he said. "Not tonight." With his eyes on hers over the brim of his glass he drank deeply. Then he looked at his watch. "I'm taking myself out of here. Now."

"Rodney—"

"I know. Don't say it." He set down the glass with a little click of finality. He came to her, set his forefinger under her chin, kissed her lightly, and set her free. "Good night. I'll be here on Wednesday, early afternoon."

She followed to the doorway of the drawing room, watching while he picked up his hat.

"Now, behave yourself," he said. "I'm going. Oh, all right—one more."

When the door had closed behind him she put out the lights in the drawing room and went thoughtfully down the passage toward a bath and bed. Well, Snorky, he's ours. Won't you be pleased! Wake up, Snorky. He's going to marry us! Did you hear?

☆ DOUBTLESS because she was used to queening it, Elizabeth was able to take a college town in her stride. By Christmastime even most of the wives liked her. She made mistakes, of course, but Rodney, whose own life had never been encircled by academic habit, was unperturbed by them. Snorky, too, walking the campus as though he could lick several times his weight in wildcats, soon had everything in his department under control.

So it all came true, and they held hands in the village movie, and came home afterward to a warm house to which Rodney carried the key. The house which Rodney had lived in for five years with Aunt Virginia had taken on, as houses must, something of their own personality. Although the drawing-room chintz was a little

faded by now, the rooms were spacious and full of sunlight and warmth and books, the servants were middle-aged and smiling, the china and silver were old and exquisite, and the beds were large and comfortable. Aunt Virginia, meanwhile, had taken over Liz's apartment in New York, complete with Mary and Gertrude.

"Are you happy?" Rodney would demand anxiously at more or less frequent intervals. "Are you sure you're not bored up here in the backwoods? Shall we go to New York next Saturday on a regular bender?"

But somehow the bender never came off. It was weeks before Elizabeth was able to elucidate to herself the secret of her pervading happiness. There was Rodney, of course, more charming each day, more fantastically considerate than any man had a right to be, more fun than any human being she had ever known. But even when Rodney had gone for the day, when she was left with hours to herself, the warm, beaming, exultant happiness did not abate. She seemed to stand back and *see* herself being happy, and marvel at her own capacity for contentment.

At last it dawned on her: Leisure. A gentle routine. Companionship. Cherishing. For the first time since she could remember, somebody else was writing the checks, earning the roof over her head, paying for the food which came to the table. If she did nothing for the rest of time, it would go on like this, because Rodney regarded it as his responsibility—he would have said his privilege—to feed and clothe and house her, while she did nothing but adorn his life.

☆ AFTER Christmas, preparations for the trip began to take on a rather relentless aspect. Charles was busier than a bird dog. The prospective personnel for the trip began to be interviewed in the study, and sometimes afterward were invited to meals. There was a solemn, youngish man named Skinner who wore spectacles. He was going because he knew all about tropical insects. Frank Elliott was going too, as Charles' handy man, and a Dr. and Mrs. Guerber.

"Mrs. Guerber?" Elizabeth's brows lifted inquiringly when Frank mentioned the name one day at luncheon. "Who is Mrs. Guerber?"

Rodney, who by now had begun to have his typhoid inoculations and looked a little heavy around the eyes as a consequence, said that Mrs. Guerber was the wife of Dr. Guerber, who was one of the best botanists there was and who had collected all over the world.

"What's she like?" inquired Elizabeth then—in almost any other circumstances an entirely harmless question, which somehow turned out to be, as she uttered it, the wrong thing to ask.

"She is small and leathery and pig-eyed and has straight iron-gray hair which was hacked off with a butcher knife," said Rodney explicitly. "She always wears mussy brown clothes

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When we talk to you who are out at the front facing the real thing, we realize that anything we can do seems pitifully small. But we do want to tell you, in all humility, that we're in there trying. And the fact that we're producing weapons for you—you whom we've worked beside and know is an extra incentive, if that's necessary.

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and closely resembles a titmouse, except that she speaks with a strong European accent."

"W-what good will she be on the trip?" asked Elizabeth, and everybody waited for Rodney to go on.

"She is, or was, a professional nurse, for one thing," he went on. "And she knows, I suspect, almost as much about botany as her husband does. She has followed him clean round the world on his collecting trips, and is said to have saved his life singlehanded on five separate occasions."

"Obviously the sort of woman you should have married yourself," said Elizabeth, and her chin was a little too high. "Guerber sounds German to me."

"They're Austrians," said Charles, looking at his plate.

"Well, in that case, let's ask them to lunch one day," Elizabeth suggested, and found Skinner eying her balefully through his spectacles and knew he was having the quite colossal nerve to pity Rodney for having married her.

"We will," said Rodney quietly. "They arrive from Washington some time next week."

The Guerbers came to lunch, and Mrs. Guerber was even as Rodney had said, a titmouse dressed in mussy brown. Dr. Guerber was bony and nearsighted, with a moth-eaten mustache which wanted trimming and gray hair which had been born *en brosse* no matter how he tried to disguise the fact now. He was animated and eager and rather touching, Elizabeth thought, in his open gratitude apparently for just being treated like a human being. His eyes rested often on his wife, who sat small and silent over her plate, rarely looking at anybody.

The Guerbers ate slowly; that is they tried not to hurry, but when each course ended, their plates were scraped pitifully clean. Elizabeth, always a scrupulous hostess, took a second helping of everything as it came, but the Guerbers steadfastly refused, with downcast eyes. Except the coffee. They each had two cups of that, in shameless greediness, and they drank it noisily, with long, rapturous sippings.

"Well, you see how it is," said Rodney when the Guerbers had gone. "Charles has found them decent lodgings, but they'll have to eat here now and then, until we go."

Elizabeth was looking bewildered. "Rodney, are they *hungry?*"

"I expect they're starving," he said point-blank. "It doesn't matter to them — much — because they have managed not to be separated. But it makes you feel kind of sick."

"I don't—I didn't understand—I thought Austrians were gay, charming people—"

"Not any more. Oh, good God, Liz, can't you *see?*" cried Rodney, who almost never swore, but typhoid inoculations always told on him terribly and he had for several days been something less than himself. "Are you blind, Liz? Must you have it *diagramed?* Sure they're Germans, but if Germans want to say they're Austrians these days, who can blame them? Guerber is half a Jew, and his wife is what Hitler calls Aryan. I saw them in Germany in 1932. I saw their home, bare and clean and childless, but very precious to them. I had a letter of introduction from one of my professors here. He always said no naturalist's education was complete until he knew the Guerbers, and before I'd finished drinking coffee with them that day in Jena I knew what he meant. Because of Hitler, they went to Vienna, and you know what happened there. So they went to Prague. In 1938 I found them in London, living in one room, a garret with no heat in it. They were hungry then, too, but they still served a kind of coffee."

"Rodney, I'm sorry. I only meant—"

"There was a Smithsonian man traveling with me that time, and he got all steamed up about them. Somehow or other, after we got back, he fixed things in Washington, and we sent them their passage money. They've taken out their papers, and we all have to find them bits of work, like translating things we don't really want, because they won't take money for nothing, and still they're hungry!"

"But isn't there some way—"

"His flower paintings are the most exquisite things you ever saw, but who wants flower paintings these days? They were in Costa Rica on their wedding trip round the world in 1909, and he's beside himself with joy about going to the tropics again. I don't think she cares any more. All she cares about now is to be with him, wherever he is, because he's all she's got left. Together they can still remember happiness, and all the happiness there is for them is what they can remember! So now you know about the Guerbers!" He went into his study and closed the door.

☆ ELIZABETH stood looking at the closed door a long minute. It was the first time anything like that had happened in their marriage, and it was not just the inoculations. She went and sat down in the drawing room with a magazine on her lap, waiting for the study door to open, if it ever did open again.

Pretty soon Charles came in from the street with his arms full of parcels and started for the study. Elizabeth ran out to intercept him in the hall, motioning him away from the study into the drawing room behind her. He came, looking mystified.

"How do I get the Guerbers on the phone?" she demanded.

Still more mystified, he wrote it down for her.

"Don't say anything about it to Rodney," she told him. "He's angry with me about the Guerbers. I guess I was pretty stupid, but I think I know a way to help them."

Dr. Guerber became incoherent with gratitude and excitement when she asked him on the telephone to bring some of his flower paintings and

show them to her. Within an incredibly short time he and his wife were back again, and he knelt on the carpet to open a shabby black portfolio.

His paintings were in water color on sheets of smooth paper about ten inches by twelve. He handed them up to her one by one, and even her untutored eye could see that each was a miracle of skill and patience in its sheer beauty of line and color and its intricacy of delicate detail. Elizabeth, who had in the beginning only meant to be kind, and intended to make some of her friends pay generously for flower paintings, was quite carried away by them now that she saw them, and said they must go into a book at once and she knew just the publisher to do it. And perhaps, she suggested, Dr. Guerber would be willing to write a page or so about each flower, so that ignorant people like herself could better appreciate it, could know where it grew and how he had found it and what its most pronounceable name was. Dr. Guerber was enchanted with this idea. In Germany, before Hitler, he had published many books, and always he had dreamed of a book in English, which he really wrote very well, much better as he spoke it, a book to be published in America, with his name on it—

"Will you let me take these up to New York to show to this man I know will publish them?" asked Elizabeth.

Some of the light went out of his face, and he glanced uneasily at his wife, who met his eyes with her unblinking opaque gaze.

"They are all I have," he said haltingly, as though ashamed, and opened his empty hands. "I can never replace them—I have lost so much—I—forgive me, I never let them leave me now—"

"I know exactly how you feel," she said quickly. "And you're quite right, of course. But wouldn't you just let me put them in my car tomorrow, drive straight to New York with them, show them to him, and drive back with them the same afternoon?"

Again his eyes sought his wife's, and Elizabeth thought she saw the faintest sign of negation pass from her to him. The light left his face a little further.

"My wife and I—" he began.

"Hullo, what's going on here?" Rodney's quiet voice spoke from the doorway.

It was Dr. Guerber who tried, incoherent in his eagerness, to explain to Rodney what Elizabeth wished to do. Rodney looked at her inquiringly.

☆ "STANLEY will go crazy about these," she said. "I want to take them to him. If I know anything about Stanley, Dr. Guerber will get a contract for the book's publication before you go. Stanley works fast."

"I have tried to make clear to your wife," Dr. Guerber took it up ruefully, "how these are but remnants of all I once had. If I lose them I have nothing to show for all my years of toil —so it is only that I hesitate—"

"They would be perfectly safe, I assure you of that," said Rodney. "The only thing is, Liz, it would be a very expensive book to get out, and few publishers nowadays are in the mood to—"

Elizabeth found Dr. Guerber's eyes fixed on her in an agony of hope and anxiety. Her chin went up.

"Stanley doesn't insist on making a lot of money on every book he does. If ever he sets eyes on these things he won't rest till he's published them. He would pay well, and everybody can use extra money these days."

"Yes, yes, I would be so glad to—" Dr. Guerber burst out, and checked himself with another glance at his wife's impassive face.

"Well, all right, there's no harm in trying, is there?" Rodney decided cheerfully, and Mrs. Guerber's gaze shifted to rest on him in dumb acceptance of his edict. (Like a dog, thought Elizabeth. She looks at Rodney like a dog, worshiping and—patient.)

When once more Rodney and Elizabeth were alone while the Guerbers receded from their front door—

"I'm sorry you got his hopes up again," he said. "I've already sent him to every publisher I know, with the same result—very beautiful, too expensive to reproduce, and No-thank-you."

"Maybe you weren't in a position to blackmail any of your publishing friends," she suggested, her chin still a little high.

"Well, no, I wasn't," he admitted, and gave her a long, speculative look. "It seems you have the advantage of me there."

☆ WHEN she entered Stanley's office the next day, carrying the portfolio, he made no bones about being glad to see her. One of those men who prize their bachelorhood above all the wealth of Ind, he nevertheless had entertained hopes, of one kind or another, regarding Liz Dare for a long time now. Like most of her friends, he had no doubt whatever that Rodney Monroe was only a phase, and that she would come back to them eventually, if not a lot sooner. Liz Dare a professor's wife? Liz Dare retire? Don't make me laugh.

He received her, therefore, with the liveliest interest and a resounding kiss. Now, he thought, we shall see how the wind blows.

Elizabeth, after that kiss, came straight to the point. She undid the shabby portfolio in the middle of Stanley's mahogany desk and produced the paintings. A little puzzled, but always willing to oblige, Stanley removed his gaze from her face—he had never seen her look so well—and obediently turned his attention to the portfolio's contents. Once there, however, it was riveted. There was nothing like them in this country. They had an eighteenth-century charm and delicacy. If they were scientifically accurate as well, why complain, but their *charm*—their microscopic daintiness—their *touch!* Yes indeed, they must be made into a book. Yes indeed, he was the man to do it.

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"Oh, *darling,* I knew you wouldn't let me down!" she cried, and threw her arms around his neck and hugged him.

Instantly all his antennae were alert. Something going on here?

"Did you doubt me?" he reproached her, feeling his way.

"Rodney didn't think you'd touch it. He's already tried some cheapskate publisher or other who said it was too expensive a job."

"It is. But it's worth doing all the same."

"That's what I *told* him!" she crowed.

"Am I putting my oar into a private brawl?" he asked hopefully.

"We-ell—" She looked at him under her lashes. Stanley was a very old friend, and Rodney was behaving badly. "I am trying to prove something," she admitted.

"So the professor can be wrong," he observed, watching her with satisfaction.

"Oh, we didn't *quarrel* exactly, we never do that any more, but I—I just thought I'd show him!" she ended defiantly.

"Glad to be of assistance," murmured Stanley with a presumptuous smile.

"Rodney isn't quite himself these days—you see, they're off for Central America soon, and he's being shot full of typhoid germs, and that makes him cross."

"You aren't going with him?" He pretended to be surprised.

"Oh, Lord, no! Do you think I'm crazy?"

"I was only asking," he apologized. "And what becomes of you while the professor is away?"

She saw now what she had laid herself open to with a mind like Stanley's, which she had once likened to a sewer, and she sat looking at him silently a moment, baffled and defensive.

"Now, don't get any wrong ideas," she said firmly. "I'll probably do the show while he's away."

"I see," said Stanley.

"You do not. You don't see anything of the kind! Surely two intelligent people like Rodney and me can be separated for three months without one of them heading for Reno!"

"When we come to look on this conversation a few months hence," he said, "I hope you will remember it was you who mentioned Reno, not I."

☆ ELIZABETH arrived back in time for dinner with the portfolio safe and a letter from Stanley offering Dr. Guerber three hundred dollars advance and a contract for signature before he left—provided he was willing to supply within the next six months not less than two hundred, nor more than four hundred, words of text (in English) for each painting.

Dr. Guerber was at once beside himself with enthusiasm.

"Three hundred dollars! But with that I can pay something of what I owe. I can buy my wife a dress. I can have my raincoat. We can have coffee. We can—we can—" He turned to the silent woman who sat with hooded eyes, her hands knotted together in her lap. "Ernestine, my darling, are you speechless? Can you not say to Mrs. Monroe one word of thanks for what she has done—"

Mrs. Guerber's quiet eyelids lifted. She looked at Elizabeth without expression, listless, unillumined by any of her husband's joy.

"You are very kind," she said.

"Oh, don't thank me. Thank Rodney! If he hadn't happened to mention the paintings I might never have known about them."

"We thank Dr. Monroe as we thank God—in our prayers," she said.

☆ AS the time before departure grew still shorter, Rodney worked harder and later, returning to his study in the evenings after dinner; and though he left the door open, though he was in and out and spoke to her as he passed, and smiled, and sometimes dropped a kiss on her wistful upturned face, it was plain that, except for infrequent intervals, his mind was not on his wife. Her sense of desolation grew day by day. Not even the prospect of returning to New York and starting rehearsals and being made much of by people like Pete and Andrew—and Stanley—and Aunt Virginia, consoled her. Rodney was going away. And Rodney was the sun. Day by day, too, she grew to envy Mrs. Guerber, who wanted nothing any more except to be wherever her husband was. . . .

One evening Elizabeth came to the door of the study about ten o'clock, and he looked up at her with an absent smile and said:

"This can't be much fun for you."

He had had his third typhoid injection only that day, and his smallpox vaccination had taken with a vengeance. His eyes were bright with fever and the boyish lock was down across his temple.

Encouraged by his smile, she smiled back, came round the desk and inserted herself between it and the arm of his chair and sat down on his lap. Rodney laid down his pencil and pushed back his chair and crossed his legs underneath her. With a nestling movement she pressed her cheek against the hollow of his shoulder and tucked her fingers round his tie.

"Rodney."

"Yes, my darling, you have a very thin time. You don't have to tell me. It's the way it always is with trips."

"Rodney, I give in. I can't bear it. I want to go with you."

She noticed that first of all his arms tightened instinctively around her. Then he said:

"Well, great Scott, Liz, it's about time you said so! I wanted you to come—so bad I thought I'd die!"

How will Elizabeth, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of civilization, take the strangeness and hardships of a field trip? Dangers lie ahead in the tropics—for Rodney and for her, and for their love.

air is burned in an internal-combustion engine. We had an idea about how much power we should be able to obtain from a gallon of gasoline, and we knew that we were getting only a tenth of what we should. The big thing that limited the power you could get was the tendency of the engine to knock. There had been some work done on this problem before, and it was generally believed that the ignition system or an accumulation of carbon in the cylinder was the cause of the trouble. We were not so sure, however, so we began experimenting to see what we could learn. One of the first things we learned is that it is not the engine that knocks, but the fuel.

If you increase the compression ratio of an engine, the power that you can obtain from it is pushed up accordingly, until the knocking point of the fuel is reached. Thus, knock sets the ceiling on the amount of power you can get from the engine. Some fuels are worse knockers than others. Iso-octane, for example, is relatively free from knock. One of the most violent knockers is heptane. But iso-octane, at that time, cost about twenty-five dollars a gallon, a price much too high to permit its use in automobile engines.

What we set out to do was to find some way of treating ordinary gasoline so that it would have all the desirable qualities of iso-octane and yet be inexpensive enough for use in automobiles.

We worked on this problem continuously from 1913 to 1922, when we finally discovered tetraethyl lead. Today almost all gasoline is treated with tetraethyl lead, and motorists are using better and less expensive fuels in cars than were known twenty-five years ago.

One of the ways we measure the knocking characteristics of a fuel is by comparing it with a known standard. We had seen that iso-octane is relatively free from knock, while heptane is one of the worse knockers known. We set up a scale, called the Octane Scale, using iso-octane as 100 and heptane as 0. If a fuel had the knocking characteristics of a mixture of 80 parts iso-octane and 20 parts heptane, we called it an 80 octane fuel. In this way we had a basis for measuring the knocking characteristics of the different types of fuels that were being sold to motorists.

Now, I have in my laboratory three bottles of fuel which look exactly alike. One contains 50 octane, which was about what we were using in the other World War and everybody thought it was all right. The second bottle contains a different fuel. 100 octane, our present aircraft fuel. The third bottle contains 250 octane or triptane, and if we put three cubic centimeters of tetraethyl lead in it we can step it up to 350. Nobody knows what the top will be.

The fuels in all three of these bottles look exactly alike, but in them is the difference between tremendous success and tremendous failure of what you can do with engines. The American-made bombers and pursuit planes which are now beginning to fill the European sky use 100 octane gasoline. Perhaps tomorrow we will be able to turn out 250 octane gasoline in sufficient quantities to meet all anticipated needs. With a large supply of this new fuel on hand, there is almost no limit to what we can make an engine do.

Yet twenty years ago we thought we had reached the ceiling at 50 octane, and we would probably have been content to let it go at that if it hadn't been for the war and the demands it placed on us.

A great philosopher said to a young man one time, "Young man, don't wish too fervently for a thing, or some day you will wake up to find you have got it." Our situation, it seems to me, is that we must learn to wish intelligently. What we need to do is look forward to what we want to have come out of this war, and with a wishfulness of such intensity that when it is over we will have the things we are wishing for, because the things we have today are the things that somebody, maybe not ourselves, has wished either for us or upon us.

If we can take things like gasoline and double or treble the power output per pound used, if we can just modify a lubricating oil and revolutionize what we can do with machinery, if we can change a few of the things in steel, we can do much more.

It may seem wasteful to devote energies which might be used to produce pleasure vehicles to making tanks, but the fact is that we have been forced to learn a lot about a new kind of motor transportation. Hitherto we produced only cars to run on smooth roads or tractors to operate on substantially level fields. Now we are learning to make automobiles that don't need roads, tractors that can run up a mountainside or through a wilderness. We may be entering a new era of ground transportation.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK, by Daphne Du Maurier.

For her new yarn, presumably a best seller, too, the author of Rebecca goes to the Cornish coast again. The tale is the scandal of the beautiful Lady St. Columb who fled the roistering of Charles II's London for the neglected seaside estate of her doltish husband only to find it the hide-out of the dashing French pirate feared and sought by local magnificos. All this is unabashed romance, but Du Maurier can set the mood and her style can swing it with a difference. Ladies first. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

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Even the deprivations of a war period or of an all-out defense effort have their advantages. They make us get busy and find substitutes or dilutions or alloys or new combinations which turn out to be better than the much more expensive originals. For examples:

High-octane gasoline, made by the newly developed processes of dehydrogenation, polymerization, catalytic hydrogenation, and alkylation. Today the yield of gasoline from petroleum by these processes is double what it was ten years ago, and it is now possible to produce high-octane fuels for airplanes from natural gas, coal, acetylene, and industrial alcohol. This is just one of the ways chemists and petroleum engineers are contributing to our air strength.

Improved bearings. Bearings made from a matrix of copper and nickel weigh less and last longer than previous types. Oilless bearings, pressed from powdered bronze, have all the necessary lubricant sealed in them at the factory. These new bearings are playing an important role in many defense uses, where light weight and the ability to stand up under severe punishment are often a matter of life and death.

Tellurium-treated malleable iron. Malleable iron, necessary for the production of pistons for the Diesel engines which are needed for tanks, mobile power stations, navy patrol craft, and many other defense uses, is now being made in thirty hours less time than was required before the process of treating it with tellurium was developed.

Improved lubricants, which have inhibitors and detergents in them as chemical additives to prevent oxidation and the formation of acids and sludge. These new lubricants are now carrying loads which would wreck machines that are using ordinary lubricants.

☆ WHEN we get these inbred things, as we often do when we are hard put to it, they are better than what we had before, because we had to stray around a little bit.

I could give you many similar examples of developments resulting from our being forced off the beaten track. For instances:

A beautiful skein of wool made from skimmed milk. That is perfectly practical today. The dairy industry is going into the wool business. Cloth that's just another form of cheese.

A new cloth made of glass. Curtains are made out of it, and many other things. Cigarettes won't burn it; sunshine won't fade it.

A leakproof gasoline tank for airplanes. You can shoot a hole right through it and it won't leak. If some of our ideas were like that, they would be perhaps better.

A new microscope which uses a stream of electrons instead of light. Not only is this microscope twenty to fifty times stronger than the most powerful light microscope we have ever had, but it permits us to study things that were before invisible because they exist outside the range of visible light.

Two new drugs, sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine, are being used with spectacular success in the cure of a variety of diseases ranging from gonorrhea to streptococcal ulcer. Highly dangerous in unskilled hands, they should not be used except under a doctor's prescription.

Diesel trains, faster, more powerful, more economical than anything we have ever had in the field of transportation, are now outmoding steam trains for many types of service.

Things like these are going to be forced by this war. When we get into these stresses, some fellow says, "Well, let's try it out. It may save our lives."

BY LOUIS PRISCILLA

"Sorry to get you out of bed, Mr. Carr, but haven't you forgotten something?"

We always get energetic under such conditions.

So we are sorry that there is a war and that we must devote our efforts to war things, but, granting that we can't do anything about it now, it seems to me that we Americans should be greatly heartened by the fact that the knowledge we are now forced to gain may be used later on to make a better world in which we and our children may live.

And not just knowledge of material matters. What applies to electrical machinery—and mountain-climbing tractors, and wool made out of skimmed milk, and antiknock fuels, and alloy steels—applies with equal force to what goes on in the hearts and brains of human beings, especially the brains.

Our mentalities need to be shaken up, liberated; and sometimes a war, no matter how much we deplore it, helps to do just that.

The thing that comes out of these emergencies is that we get mixed up, and, like the bearings and the gasoline, we are stronger for the experience. We mix things together. We have been taught that they are impurities. Nevertheless, they come out stronger. We must learn to keep looking forward. That is the way progress is made!

THE END

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

"A healthy, moderate man who has never manifested a symptom of delusions of grandeur."

Why the Russians will win . . How Hitler will die . . A great biography looks into the future

BY EMIL LUDWIG

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ AT the head of his dinner table, in a little room, sits a man of sixty-two whose green-gray coat is military only in its cut. Face, habits, manner of speech differentiate him from no Russian worker. He eats in silence. His wife, forty years old, like himself is of proletarian birth and dressed with the utmost simplicity. The children of fifteen and eighteen, who attend public schools, are perhaps telling a story they heard in the city; now and again they laugh, now and again the father grunts something approvingly. The food comes from the Kremlin kitchen, which provides in exactly the same way for hundreds of officials. A soldier brought it over, and now hands in the dishes.

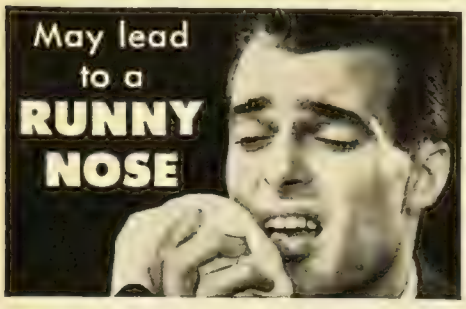
The comical legend that Stalin eats off the golden plate of the Czars, and the other one, printed and reprinted hundreds of times in the west, that he spends 100,000 rubles a year on himself, are totally lacking in imagination. A lower-middle-class parvenu like Göring must have castles, fanfares of trumpets to herald the entry of his guests, and a liveried lackey behind every chair at the dinner table. A frenzied dreamer like Hitler must have a tower with a glass cupola in which to brood on world dominion in Wagnerian mood. A pint-size Roman hero like Mussolini must have the largest Renaissance room extant, so that from a desk in the corner of this hall he may play the universal ruler.

Stalin, the man who thinks in percentages, horsepower, and volts, has created a much more fantastic legend: the story of a shoemaker's son who in the seat of the Czar still lives like a shoemaker. The castle itself he has never entered, and if he lives in the official quarters which tower above the old walls of the Kremlin, it is only that the people may perceive in him the symbol of the inheritance of power. If he has ever happened to see, in the near-by museum, the golden coronation carriage of the Czars, he did not feel the slightest impulse to imitate the ancient rulers, as do the dictators of the west who must display their power in interminable processions.

HITLER ENVIED WEALTH; STALIN LAUGHED AT IT

Unlike Hitler, he feels no need to take revenge either for his lowly origin or for a lost youth. Stalin's youth was not lost; it stood for the same idea as his mature years; he was never afflicted with a feeling of inferiority in the presence of the rich and the mighty. As against this, Hitler's political activity, indeed his entire life, is nothing other than one long revenge on those who were born to greater advantages. That is why he hates the rich, the fortunate, the healthy; and most violently he hates the Americans, because in a thousand pictures he sees them forever laughing—something forbidden to him. Stalin, too, laughs little, for he is an Asiatic, not a Russian, but he can make fun of the deposed class because he does not imitate it.

In the summer, when the family lives in Gorki in the little country house which Lenin occupied toward the end, Stalin may feel more strongly



Plowing through snow and slush with cold, wet feet lowers temperature. Such a disturbance of your body's heat-regulating mechanism *reduces* the blood supply of your mucous membranes—*increases* their mucous secretions. Your nose first feels dry, then runs copiously.

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Stalin and, at right, Kalinin, Voroshilov, and V. M. Molotov as they reviewed troops on parade in Red Square.

his role as Lenin's successor than in the wintry Kremlin. In Gorki he can go fishing and hunting, pursuits which these revolutionaries all acquired in exile. This is a healthy, moderate man who in fifteen years of rule has never manifested a single symptom of delusions of grandeur. He does not wear on his left sleeve or his right trouser leg any of the insignia which are the delight of dictators. He is certainly the only dictator who has not got a cravat.

An intimate friend of his told me that he does not permit any one to tell smutty stories in his presence. He has married twice, and that is the whole of his private life. Like all old soldiers, he likes to reminisce over adventures which ended happily. Almost the only foreigner who ever cracked jokes with him was the American engineer Cooper, who won his confidence by the building of the Dnieper Dam. Bernard Shaw, too, told me that he laughed a great deal with Stalin; but then, who does not laugh with Bernard Shaw?

BERNARD SHAW SAYS STALIN LAUGHS OFTEN

I heard Stalin laugh only once in that heavy way of his. After a conversation lasting for several hours, he called on me, if I felt so inclined, to donate some money for poor children in Germany "since you are going to make money out of our conversation." I was staggered, and replied, "I thought Communists were opposed to charity." At this point he laughed, and he said, "Among ourselves! But in your capitalist countries it is unfortunately still necessary." Later I had a Berlin committee send to the Kremlin the receipt for my donation, to let him know that I had not wriggled out of it. It was just an ironical dig on his part, intended to embarrass the bourgeois.

It is in these traits of simplicity that the government of the Soviets finds its symbol. They are the typical traits of a clever successor who does not want to evoke comparisons with the greater founder. He has never posed as the genius, the illuminating prophet, and in his speeches he hardly ever uses the word "I." That is why there are so few anecdotes about Stalin.

These traits in his character are pertinent here also because they help us to understand the man at the back of the famous and perplexing Moscow trials. With the limited space at my disposal, I must pass completely over those trials. I have thought long and hard about them, asking myself whether we have to do here with an act of vengeance against some dozen men or with a necessary act of state on the part of a ruler, and I must confess that I cannot give an unequivocal answer. For a long time I did not consider it possible that veterans of the Revolution, Lenin's comrades in battle, should—and under Trotsky's leadership, at that!—enter into a secret pact with the enemy of their land and their social system, with Germany, in order to bring about the fall of their personal or political opponent, Stalin the dictator.

The murder of Stalin's friend and collaborator Kirov in December, 1934, was the signal for the beginning of the trials, for the inference was plain that the bullets had been intended for Stalin himself. Lenin, too, had been shot at. Nevertheless, the impression throughout the whole world was as if the Soviets had lost a battle. In Washington I found two of the most powerful men in the country, whose attitude toward the Soviets was friendly, equally shocked at the time.

And yet as a historian I would not dare to vouch for the innocence of these thirteen men, accused of having conspired with German agents for the overthrow of Stalin's government. His character, the simplicity of his way of life, his passionate devotion to the Socialist idea, but above all his fear of an attack by Germany, impart to his accusations a measure of plausibility which they lacked at the first glance. It is possible that these old pioneer fighters for Bolshevism were seeking, in 1934, the same temporary alliance with Germany which Stalin obtained in 1939. A political combination might have arisen by which Dictator Stalin could have been put on trial for making this pact, as he had tried those thirteen men for having sought it.

HISTORY MAY SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF PURGES

Stalin ruled by force, and still does.

But he gave the country a Constitution which at last really codifies Lenin's ideas—bestows absolute equality on all races and nationalities as well as on the two sexes. It states specifically that all religions may be practiced, though only atheism is permitted to have active propaganda. Particularly imposing is the fact that the fundamental rights and duties of the Soviet citizen are more thoroughly and clearly defined, in Chapter Ten, than those of the American citizen in the preamble to Jefferson's Constitution. Side by side with the right to work, the duty to work is specifically set down: "He who does not work shall not eat." And all citizens are guaranteed the right to recreational rest, the right to be supported by the state in old age and in sickness, and the right to the free education and upbringing of their children.

The fact that this Constitution is only partially applied is something it has in common with many others, including the Paris declaration of the rights of man. The highest documents of mankind represent ideals, not realities.

Stalin's Constitution specifically asserts the right to private property in money and household goods. Every Soviet citizen can, under the protection of the law, own and save to the limit of his capacity. What is forbidden him is the use of money for the exploitation of the labor of others.

SOVIET CITIZENS CAN OWN PROPERTY

When I asked Stalin to what extent his success on the land was based on the fears of the peasants, he answered:

"I understand your skepticism, but no one can long maintain his rule of a people by intimidation. There is a small portion of the people which is really afraid. It is an unimportant part of the peasant body. That part is represented by the kulaks. They do not fear anything like the initiation of a reign of terror, but they do fear the other section of the peasant population. This is a hangover from the earlier class system. Among the middle classes, and especially the professional classes, there is something of the same kind of fear, because these had special privileges under the old regime. Moreover, there are traders and a certain section of the peasants who still retain the old liking for the gentry.

"But if you take the progressive peasants and workers, not more than 15 per cent are skeptical of the Soviet power, or are silent from fear, or are waiting for the moment when they can undermine the Bolshevik state. On the other hand, about 85 per cent of the more or less active people would urge us to go further than we want to go. We often have to put on the brakes. They would like to stamp out the last remnants of the intelligentsia. In the history of the world there never was a power which was supported as the Soviets are by nine tenths of the population.

"That is the reason for our success in putting our ideas into practice. If we ruled only by fear, not a man would have stood by us. And the working classes would have destroyed any power that attempted to continue to rule by fear. Workers who have made three revolutions have had some practice in overthrowing governments."

Now that I had Stalin on the subject of fear, I asked him: "You have for so many years led the life of a conspirator—do you believe that now, with you in power, illegal work would be impossible?"

"It is possible, at least to a certain extent."

"Is the fear of such a possibility the reason why today, so many years after the Revolution, you still rule by terror?"

He answered with the utmost tranquillity:

"No. I will illustrate the chief reason. When the Bolsheviks came into power they were soft and easy with their enemies. For example, when General Krasnov marched on Leningrad and was arrested by us, he should, under military law, have been shot, or at least imprisoned. But we set him free on his word of honor. Afterward it became clear that with this policy we were undermining the very system we were endeavoring to construct. We had begun by making a mistake. Leniency toward such a power was a crime against the working classes. We soon saw that behind these agents stood the Japanese. Then we realized that the only way to get ahead was by a policy of absolute severity and intransigeance."

"In this country," I said, "I have the impression that everybody is afraid, and that your great experiment could succeed only among this long-suffering people which has been trained to obedience."

FEAR CANNOT LONG RULE PEOPLE

"You are mistaken," said Stalin. "Do you think it is possible to hold power for so long merely by intimidating the people? The Czars knew best how to rule by intimidation. It is an old ex-

Westinghouse
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—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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LIBERTY FICTION MAKES BEST-SELLING MOVIES & BOOKS. This year five stories originally published in Liberty have already appeared in book form.

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periment in Europe. What came of it? Nothing."

Subjectively his observations were undoubtedly honest; objectively, fear probably still remains in the land—fear, command, and dictatorship. But there is one thing which stands up against all criticism. He foresaw the war; he prepared the country. That is a historic act. Today it is bearing its fruit.

☆ IN one of the lovely classic halls of Genoa the leaders of Europe were assembled round a great horseshoe table. The date was Easter, 1922, almost exactly twenty years ago; nearly all the leaders were victors, and yet all were tired men at the head of tired peoples. Neighbor hated neighbor, the allies of yesterday distrusted each other.

At the table were two representatives of defeated nations, the German and the Russian, and those two men were the strongest and the most feared of all present. The German was Walther Rathenau, only a short time before appointed German Foreign Minister. The Russian was Chicherin, Foreign Minister for the Soviets. In that political world assembled at Genoa they produced pretty much the same effect as two ladies of easy virtue would have done at a gathering of England's old-time social élite. After a boycott of four years they had been admitted for the first time into the company of the "moral world." The Germans had begun the war and, what was worse, lost it. The Russians were Communists. What would these men of dubious character do among the accredited gentlemen of Europe?

They did the impossible. When they perceived that they were being betrayed by the victorious, they decided to make an alliance. The event was a bombshell; the conference nearly went up in the air. . . . This alliance (the pact of Rapallo) was an act of statesmanship which has no parallel between Bismarck and Hitler.

It is seventeen years later. The place is a room in the Kremlin. The two men who are now signing a pact between Russia and Germany are very different from those first two. The German's hair is plastered down, and on his face there is a perpetual false smile, such as one sees on the faces of traveling salesmen who know that they are selling goods of poor quality; this is Herr Ribbentrop, whose "von," the sign of German nobility, he borrowed from an adopted aunt. The other man is Stalin, whose face shows a sardonic smile.

JUSTIFICATION FOR SOVIET-GERMAN PACT

This pact was signed by both parties as some ladies nowadays begin a marriage—in order to obtain a divorce later. For all that, Stalin was completely justified. Whatever may be said against him, his foreign policy all along was certainly the cleverest and most logical of any pursued by a European statesman in the last fourteen years. Its fundamental principle was: He who plants a garden must put a strong fence around it so that the foxes cannot get at the young shoots.

Stalin's foreign policy was entirely dependent on the strategic situation; the latter depended in turn on armament, and this last on the industrialization of Russia. Unlike other statesmen, Stalin could not simply decide that from a given date on he would devote 50 instead of 10 per cent of the national income to armament. He had to direct the entire program of colonization according to the increasing war perils on the frontiers, and had first to build up almost everything that had been neglected by the Czars.

He approached the problem of the transformation in the grand style.

FIVE ARMAMENT CENTERS CREATED

For protection against Japan he created in five years five new armament centers, in case Moscow should some day be taken by an enemy—the Urals, Siberia, Kazakstan, Central Asia, Vladivostok. Until he had these, he made concessions to Japan and turned over to her the Eastern Chinese Railroad. After he had defeated Japan in 1938 and 1939, he refused in 1940 to sign a nonaggression pact with her. Today a quarter of Russia's war industries has been shifted to Asia. But on top of this, Russia's expenditures for armament have increased forty-fold since the advent of Hitler in 1933.

The opening up of the country's natural resources is responsible for only one half of this success; the other half must be credited to the new state. Stalin could not have created his tank and airplane factories, he could not have produced his capable officers, he could not have scored either a material or a moral success without the enthusiastic co-operation of a liberated youth. If we except the bombing of England, we shall not find a similar unity of army and people in our time. A comparison with the Germans makes this very clear.

The Germans have set out to conquer that which they do not need; the Russians want to save that which they need. The Germans have set out to win world dominion for a race whose superiority they inwardly doubt; the Russians want to maintain a state system in which they believe. The Germans set out to achieve victory under the same authoritarian forms which led them to defeat twenty-five years ago. The Russians want to affirm, for themselves and the world, a new state form. The Germans, with whom obedience is a passion, are an ancient warrior people which marches blindly forward wherever the leader commands; the Russians are protecting their native soil, which they themselves have only just acquired.

The Germans fight with regular armies in foreign climates and foreign lands; the Russians, guerrillas and regulars alike, fight among familiar

landscapes amid familiar conditions. The Germans are held together by discipline and by discipline alone, for they have never been enemies of Russia; the Russians have been preparing themselves with the utmost devotion. The Germans obey as their fathers obeyed, and their generals of today still have the aristocratic Junker names which headed the imperial armies; the Russians obey the commands of men who are all sons of workers and peasants. Not the strength and number of tanks or planes will decide the issue. The old Prussian obedience may perhaps suffice for the conquest of Europe; it will not suffice to hold Europe down in the long run. This tells the whole story of why the Russians will defeat the Germans.

STALIN TRIED TO ALLY AGAINST HITLER

Stalin tried in vain to ally himself with the west against Hitler. Two or three times he even risked the temporary peace of his country to this end, for he saw the danger approaching in the midst of peace. Increasingly urgent, he was insulted first by his exclusion from the Munich conference and then by the malicious procrastination of the negotiations in the summer of 1939. This was carried to such a point that Chamberlain first kept his emissaries back, and then had them go by slow steamer, so that it took them seven days to reach their destination, while he himself got to Hitler in a couple of hours—and that three times!—by airplane, in order to keep on the right side of the St. George who was to rescue the trembling City from the dreadful Bolshevik dragon.

Stalin had been prepared in September, 1938, to come to the help of Czechoslovakia and to march against Germany, as I have been assured by the Czech Benes and the Russian Oumansky. Even in June, 1939, he had been still ready to sign a pact with the west, and had even proposed a united military plan, with two armies for the defense of Poland. Now, after having tried for eight years to ally himself with the west, he turned at the eleventh hour to his enemy, Hitler, and made a pact with him. In reality it was a treaty of defense *against* Hitler; it was the shrewd move of a great statesman. For it gave Stalin two years in which to complete his preparedness and to push Russia's frontiers a considerable distance westward. This notorious document of August 23, 1939, even permitted him to declare war on Germany in case Germany should attack Turkey.

To be sure, the advantages derived by Hitler were considerable. But that the German-Russian peace could only be a short one may be seen from Stalin's cynical smile in a picture of him taken at the time.

His advantage during the two-year armistice was that he could draw a belt round his country by occupying the Baltic countries, as well as parts of Poland and to some extent fortifying them, without Hitler being able to do anything about it.

But Stalin achieved even more during this interlude. In their speeches of June 23, 1941, Hitler and Ribbentrop set forth that it was Stalin who prevented an attack on England in the fall of 1940: the wicked Russians, cried Hitler in his familiar sniveling manner, had occupied Bessarabia and thus set the Balkans in motion against Germany. Yes, Hitler himself confessed in his declaration of war that he did not dare attack England in the rear if he had to confront an armed Russia. This sentence would be sufficient to justify every opponent of Hitler—in other words, the majority of mankind—in giving thanks to Stalin.

Hitler's violent thrust into Russia did not rob Stalin of his calmness. He at once told every one exactly what he was to do if his city had to be evacuated. These warnings, common to the democratic leaders, stand in violent contrast to the arrogant lies of the autocrats, who promise victory from month to month and finish up by entrenching themselves behind Almighty God, whom they have till that moment kept camouflaged behind their atheism.

When I wrote in 1937 that Stalin would fight on the side of the democracies against Hitler, I added that, of the three dictators, he alone had a prospect of outliving the war. Today the early end of Hitler—at any rate, his personal end—can easily be foreseen, without the assistance of astrologers, by any one who knows the character of the German people. He will die at the hand of a German officer, or even be driven to his death by his general staff.

STALIN SAYS, "FATE IS A NONSENSICAL IDEA"

If Stalin has any personal forebodings, he certainly clothes them in numbers and percentages, in which he believes as in divinities. I asked him whether he believed in fate. He became very serious. After a tense pause, he said, "No, I do not. That is simply a prejudice. It is a nonsensical idea." He laughed in his dark muffled voice and said in German, "*Schicksal, Schicksal.*" Then he reverted to his native language and said, "Just as with the Greeks. They had their gods and goddesses who directed everything from above."

"You have been through a hundred dangers," I said, "when you were banned and exiled, in revolutions and wars. Is it merely an accident that you were not killed and that some one else is not in your place today?"

He was somewhat annoyed, but only for a moment. Then he said in a clear ringing voice:

"No accident. Probably there were inner and outer causes that prevented my death. But it could have come about by accident that some one else would be sitting here and not I. Fate is contrary to law. It is something mystic. In this mystical thing I do

For Relief of
HEAD COLD
Misery..

Relieve tormenting head cold stuffiness and breathe easier. Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril and see how fast it (1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) relieves irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nasal passages . . . And makes breathing easier!

And remember . . . used at first sniffle or sneeze, Va-tro-nol helps to *prevent* many colds from developing. Follow complete directions in folder.

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COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. VICKS VAPORUB

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

See the
WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER

DOES THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?

You splurge half your week's allowance on a hat that's just *irresistible* . . .

. . . and arrive home at six—short on time and money, with no dinner ready!

—then serve this thrifty QUICK-TO-FIX DISH

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti With Its Spicy Tomato Sauce And Nippy Cheese Saves Time, Money, Work

Spaghetti with Ham and Onions

Dice boiled or baked ham, or use leftover beef, pork, or a combination of meats. Add one or two sliced onions. Brown in fat. Serve on well-heated platter in center of a mound of tempting Heinz Cooked Spaghetti heated bubbling hot.

THRIFTY hurry-up meals are plenty energy-giving and tasty—when you serve Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! For here's all the lusty nourishment of spaghetti made from choice semolina flour . . . the racy richness of Heinz "aristocrat" tomatoes, mellow cheese and rare spices deftly blended into a glorious sauce. By itself or in combination with leftovers, you'll *like* Heinz Cooked Spaghetti!

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

QUICK ECONOMICAL, ENERGY-MEAL

not believe. Of course there were causes for my coming through all those dangers. It could not have happened merely by accident."

The echoes of the mighty word "fate" were still in my ears when we took our seats in the waiting motorcar. Everything around us gleamed sinister in the dusk, sinister and embattled. In this citadel the Czars had lived and ruled, but now the son of the Georgian peasant laughed defiantly when "fate" was mentioned. The ring of cannon in the forecourt reflected the evening light in a dull shield. But on each muzzle glittered brightly the letter "N" embossed in gold—the superscription which a little corporal had dared to stamp on the mouth of death.

"Why trouble about destiny?" Napoleon had asked Goethe. "Today politics are destiny."

I thought of what other national leaders had said to me in answering the question about destiny; I thought of Roosevelt, too. Stalin had not spoken about him to me, only about America, and when I had asked him how it was that this highly capitalistic country was so respected in his own anticapitalistic country, he had given me this brilliant answer:

"In Russia you will find respect for the American sense of practicality in everything—in industry, in literature, in business. They are a sound people, or at least there are many people there sound in mind as in body, sound in their whole attitude toward work and toward everyday facts. The practical business side of America's life and its simplicity have our sympathy. In spite of its capitalistic character, the customs which are in vogue are more democratic than in any European country, for in Europe the influence of the aristocracy is not yet obliterated."

RUSSIA RESPECTS, ADMIRES AMERICA

"You do not know how true that is," I said in an undertone, and thought of certain lords. But the interpreter heard me and translated it for Stalin.

"Yes, yes, I do know," said Stalin, and he went on: "The feudal spirit remains in many European lands and is powerful. From the aristocratic hangover many technicians and specialists carry on the tradition of their origin. That cannot be said of America. In industry and business Americans are simple, and our workmen who have become leaders of industry here notice that fact immediately when they get to America. There it is difficult to distinguish between the engineer and the simple workman while they are on the job. It is a land of colonists without a landed gentry or an aristocracy. Hence the simple vigor of their customs."

Here Stalin had formulated with simplicity and sureness of insight the parallel between those different but now allied nations, the United States of America and Russia.

THE END

CANAPES BY LUGOT, EXECUTIVE CHEF OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

☆ HERE'S a lady who started something. The name of her restaurants — Hamburger Heaven — has now been copied by imitators high and low, including one erstwhile wizard of Wall Street and automotive finance. In most cases Phyllis Heller puts up a fight for the exclusive right to call her hamburgers heavenly. "I'd never tasted them at home in Philadelphia," she told me. "I went into the business after deliberate analysis of American dishes that sell best. I thought up the name on the spur of the moment, but took plenty of time perfecting my blend of several cuts of beef—a secret I won't reveal." . . . Seven hamburgers are ordered rare or medium to every well-done. Mrs. Heller discourages the well-dones. Too dry. She has a big midnight-to-dawn trade among debutantes and their boy friends. Debs as a rule want rare hamburger; no onion. Josette Daly, for example, takes onion only for self-protection when her escorts insist on eating onion with theirs. . . . Scenes at Phyllis Heller's places can be entertaining in an international way. Recently an English lord sat munching a hamburger at the counter, monocle in eye, as a multimillionaire playboy stalked out in a fury because he'd been stopped from picking the nuts off the tops of all the frosted cakes. "Enterprising sort of chap," said the Englishman. "Kiplingish. Takes 'em where he finds 'em." . . . Priscilla Sousa Giller, granddaughter of the great John Philip Sousa, likes two hamburgers at a time; rare; no onion.

A boon to health fans has been the diligent plugging by Chrysler auto representative Will de Rham of a whole-wheat bun tailored specially for hamburger sandwiches.

☆ MORE valentines will be sent by girls to boys this year; fewer from boys to girls. So many boys are on army or navy duty where they can't buy valentines. Suggested sentiment:

> Tracers are red,
> Raid lights are blue.
> No war can blitz
> Our love in two.

☆ THERE'S no use trying to give you Mrs. Heller's hamburg recipe, because she refuses to divulge her secret about the blended cuts of beef. (My own guess is that she has ½ top round mixed with ¼ brisket and ¼ chuck. That would combine good flavor, juiciness, and nutrition.) . . . But there's a smart gourmet of my acquaintance who asks *not* to be told what the principal dish is made of when he's an informal dinner guest. "Don't invite me," he says, "unless you're going to have leftovers. A real cook always takes more trouble fixing leftovers than serving a banquet."

☆ FOR such a guest at your family table I recommend this old Boston favorite called *Fireman's Hash:* . . . Add 2 cups finely chopped cooked beets to 2 cups cooked corned beef chopped fine with 2 cups boiled potatoes. Put in 1 large onion, minced. Moisten with about ½ cup milk. Season with salt, pepper, a dash of Worcestershire. Fry in hot pan with 3 tablespoons butter. If you like, you can substitute 1 can corned-beef hash for the meat and potatoes, then proceed as above. Serve well browned, with warm rolls, thinly sliced American cheese, sweet mixed pickles.

☆ LETTER from a California lady interested in thought communication. The subject was mentioned here a few pages ago. . . . "I feel certain I'm psychic," writes the lady from California, "but nobody in my family will take me seriously. They all make jokes about my efforts to read their minds. Just the same, I read them correctly more often than not. Why aren't they as interested in this as I am?" . . . The involuntary victim is nearly always antagonized by having his or her mind read. Try experimenting with people who *want* to have it done.

☆ WRITTEN true to life in our own female language, the new Fannie Ferber Fox novel, I Know a Little Milliner, tells the lowdown on hat business. (Published by Hale, Cushman & Flint, New York. $2.50.)

☆ WHAT is the most becoming way to do your hair when you wear an overseas service cap such as is worn by nearly all girls in home-defense or auxiliary units? . . . I put this question two ways to fashionable hairdresser Maurice Calou. "What's the right way for curly-haired girls," I asked, "and what's the right way for straight-haired girls?" . . . Maurice replied: "If you're a natural curlyhead, have a fluffy hair-do built up around the cap. Use a straight-up coiffure, also built around the cap, if your hair is straight. Have your hair cut not lower than an inch below the lobe of your ear. Hair longer than that doesn't suit the overseas cap."

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Dear Sarge:

We don't wish you any bad luck, of course, *but* if ever you turn yourself in on sick call—oh boy, oh boy, nurses on all posts are waiting to give you one hot reception!

Just take another good look at your statement: "This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. . . ."

What we object to is that word *men!* What's the matter with us? We're in the Army and the Navy just as much as any general or private that you can name. We have a major at the head of the Army Nurse Corps, an assortment of captains, lots of first lieutenants, and *thousands* of second looies—yet your darned old page is too exclusive for us.

We went to France and some of us didn't come back. We're all over the place right now, including the Philippines. And we work.

I learned early in my first "hitch" that if you really wanted something done, your best bet was to find the sergeant, as he usually got results. So—*do something,* Sergeant.

Sincerely yours,

The "ANC," Washington, D. C.

P.S. The bets around the quarters are 2 to 1 that you won't print this.

The short-enders may collect their bets. Not only am I printing your letter but it gets the place of honor and leads off the page this week. I could do no less than that to show my esteem for the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. Please take it for granted that "men of the armed forces" means you, too.

I'll be eighteen years old in March and I'll want to get in the Army as soon as I can after that. But I'm told that there'll be no more volunteering by that time and the Army will be accepting only drafted men. Is that right?

J. J. B., Houston, Tex.

No. For a short time the War Department intended to abandon voluntary enlistments, but when Congress made twenty years the lower limit for Selective Service that policy was dropped. Secretary of War Stimson stated, "Furthermore, the combat arms must contain individuals possessing keenness, enthusiasm, daring, vigor, and endurance, which are predominant characteristics of young men. Therefore, active recruiting must continue in order to provide a proper number of young men for the fighting arms. The validity of this policy is recognized in the selective training and service act which authorizes men of eighteen and nineteen to volunteer for induction."

It seems that there is some dissatisfaction because of claimed misplacement of technical men. . . . I am a graduate of a very difficult course in teletype maintenance at Chanute Field, Illinois. Upon my arrival at this post (which has the friendliest bunch of officers and enlisted men I've seen) I was assigned to duty as an operator in the telegraph office, rather than as a maintenance man. So what if I'm not too well pleased with the assignment? We are at war! I am part of the mighty machine that is to destroy the Axis forces . . . and I'll be hanged if I'm going to let silly little whims get the best of my better judgment. . . . I'm going to do my job well, and do it smiling! We're going to win, you know, but this is only possible through united effort on *all* our parts, military personnel *and* civilian.

Pvt. L. S., Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C.

A fine spirit, soldier, and the sooner we *all* have it the sooner we'll be able to clean up the mess the world's got into.

I'm really not mercenary, Sarge, but I'm asking this question because of the difference it makes to the folks at home. Does the declaration of war affect the ten-dollars-a-month bonus being paid to those of us with over a year's service?

Pvt. N. L. F., Camp Stewart, Ga.

No, it does not. The bonus is to be paid during the unlimited emergency—which did not end when war was declared.

Pardon the intrusion of a mere civilian on your page, but I *was* in the last war, so maybe I'll be welcome anyway. Every Army man knows that the Army is composed of Arms and Services, but darned if I can remember which is which, and vice versa. Thanks.

R. V. L., Ansonia, Conn.

Lots of others would like to know, too. The Arms are: infantry, cavalry, armored force, field artillery, coast artillery, air corps, corps of engineers, and signal corps. The Services are: quartermaster corps, medical department, ordnance department, adjutant general's department, finance department, chemical warfare service, corps of chaplains, inspector general's department, and judge advocate general's department.

"What were you during the last war?" Diogenes asked a veteran.

"Oh, I was a private," the soldier replied.

And Diogenes blew out his lamp and went home.

Pabloid, Portland A. B.

BY BURR SHAEFER

"For the last time, Leffingwell, we don't have caddies in this man's army."

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

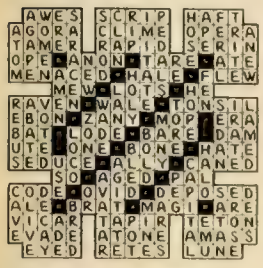
Cockeyed Crosswords by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

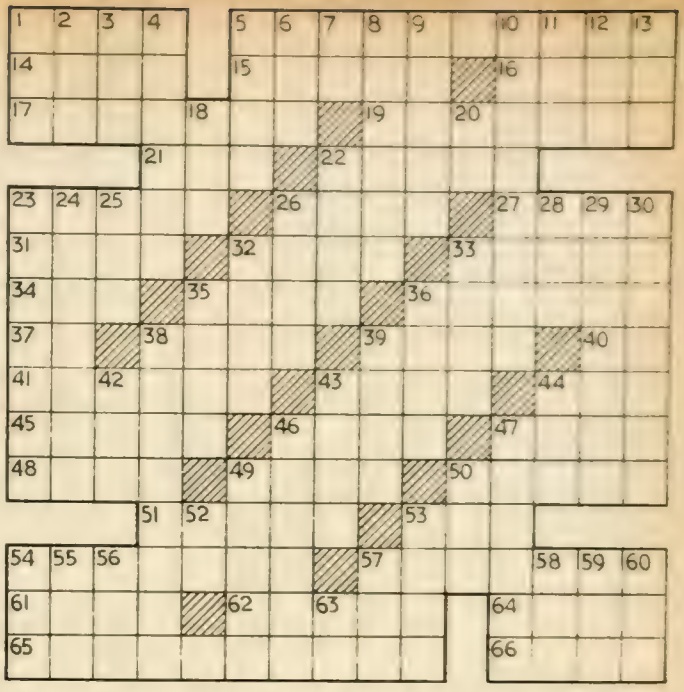
1 What stick-in-the-muds gather
5 Japan velly soon leceive vlisit flom this gentleman (pl.)
14 What squally brats are most
15 Scram with the old man's lamb
16 Japan try swallow it, it swallow Japan
17 Does a favor for
19 Crackerjabbers
21 Bird lover
22 Pest of Palestine
23 Goofy waters
26 The ilks of the garden
27 Worst want
31 Smelleroo de liqueur
32 Robbery at the bridge
33 It puts in a private call at 5.30 A. M.
34 What Berchtesgaden will soon be to
35 Dulldrum between bang-bang
36 Super-chief (Sioux me if I'm wrong!)
37 Konga Romeos (abbr.)
38 Make way for Donald Duck!
39 Pull the shade over the lamp
40 Emptyheaded Picklepusses (abbr.)
41 Home of Cornell Brain, Football, & Farmhand Co.
43 Puppy love
44 What man will evolve to in the New Disorder
45 Glycerine that removes chap on hands, including hands
46 Mechanized pie-lifter and back scratcher
47 Glims
48 Something Berlin isn't today
49 Ma's the last word in this movie
50 Important thing about women
51 What the excitable locksmith was all up
53 The Basketball University (abbr.)
54 What women get plastered with
57 What Zealous Zeke is always in
61 Let's hope France retakes this
62 Unhappy monkey, dancing to tune of Teutonic organ-grinder
64 With an edge on, you're bound to be this and never dull
65 Heavy round objects containing bits of rubber, plaster, citron, etc.
66 Carpenter's sons get a bang out of it

VERTICAL

1 What you do during calf love
2 This means the world to me
3 Vation Army gal
4 What senators buy baloney in
5 How you start a meeting
6 Old you-know-me's
7 2 (abbr.)
8 Call of sex
9 Parking places
10 If you go about in this, you just haven't any breaks (two words)
11 Uncle Sam's Onjoyment corps (abbr.)
12 Three quarter grit
13 Old maid's emergency call: Send A Sailor (abbr.)
18 The burp vitamin
20 A backward connection
22 Word even preachers can't use on the radio
23 Puppy exercise
24 This never gets nobody nowhere
25 The louse!
26 Eleventh Prexy
28 Indian yes
29 Insomnia Special on the RR.
30 Shakespeare's windiest play
32 This poor fish gets canned
33 Coise of coises
35 Nuts about Texas
36 "You —!" said the dish to the dirty wash trough
38 Japan's future
39 What Ozark Olga was plumb out arter wearin' shoes to taown
42 One, three, and five: letters found in any hotel
43 Stock in America's future
44 O U'll finish these vowels
46 It's an old Spanish custom, with the motto: Tamale Never Comes, so Itta, Drinka, and Be Marry!
47 They like to sit around in their pew
49 Kind of railway the disillusioned ride on
50 Gentlemanly calling
52 I minus 1,000 (bet you never get it!)
53 What the 57 Horizontal hen does and does and does
54 Laval Sissified
55 Ark-aic turbine
56 T on Olympus
57 Would you call Disney's Dumbo this kind of phantasy?
58 What the lamprey called her no-good hubby
59 Kind of sickness Hitler suffers from most in his head
60 Bust-up syrup
63 Aspirin-me, Kokoyama! (abbr.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"LIFE WAS SLIPPING THROUGH HIS ICY FINGERS!"

A true experience of special policeman, FRANK HAHNEL, *New York, N. Y.*

1 **"IT WAS STILL DARK** . . . and bitter cold on the waterfront . . . when I finished my night patrol," writes Mr. Hahnel. "I had paused for a moment to say hello to a couple of friends when above the dismal sounds of the river came a piercing shriek and a heavy splash. Then there was silence.

2 **"WE RUSHED FOR THE WHARF.** I yanked out my flashlight and turned it on the water. There in the icy river 14 feet below we saw a man struggling feebly . . . clawing at the ice-sheathed pilings as the out-racing tide sucked him away from the pier.

3 **"QUICKLY I DARTED** my light about and located a length of line on a nearby barge . . . and a life preserver on an adjoining pier. In an instant the preserver splashed in the water beside the drowning man. Dazed from shock and cold, half clinging to the preserver and half lassoed by the line, he was dragged to safety. Thanks to my 'Eveready' flashlight and its dependable *fresh* DATED batteries the river was cheated of its victim.

(Signed) Frank J. Hahnel"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

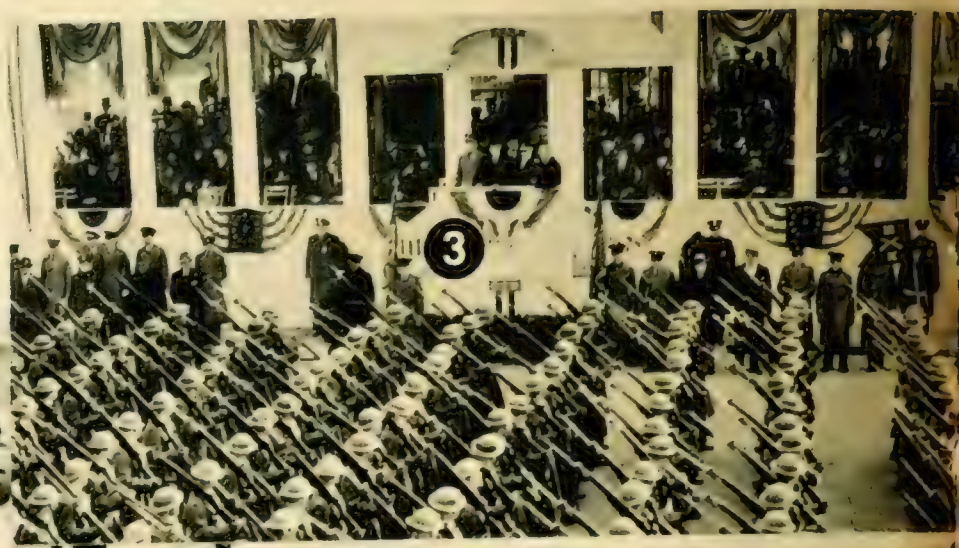
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

ROOSEVELT

World War Number 1...2

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the first World War.



War reviews: 1. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt—at left of President Wilson—watches marines on parade during World War I. 2. As Acting Secretary of the Navy, in 1919, he inspects yeomanettes. 3. More than twenty years later, as President, he reviews troops.

War decorations: 4. In 1919, the Navy's Assistant Secretary pins a medal on Lieutenant Commander J. T. Boone. 5. In 1940, the President gives General John J. Pershing a Distinguished Service Medal.

THEN...NOW

President and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy in World War II

10

11

Baseball: Once a ball fan always a ball fan! 10. Marching with the Washington Senators in 1917. 11. Pitching the season's first ball in Washington in 1941.

8

7

Leisure: 6. Shooting at an Indian Head, Maryland, rifle range in 1917. 7. His relaxation as President is cruising.

9

At sea: 8. Aboard the flagship of the fleet as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. 9. At sea again, in August, 1941, during the historic meeting with Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Abroad: 12. In 1919, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin Roosevelt visited Europe. Will World War II take the President on another such trip?

12

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

FROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Lend your ears to whatever he does to defend our country! He can buy you heart earrings, each with raised insignia of his branch of service. "Silver" or "gold," about $1.

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 31 SECONDS

IT is the quaint custom this time of the year for the girls to give gifts to the boys and the boys to give gifts to the girls. This is the kind of thing that should be encouraged. I have done my part by scurrying around to find tokens that will come within the reach of $21 a month.

Before I begin, let's look at memos on my mirror. . . .

Clip your earrings to your turban.

Pin all your war-relief buttons on a plain handbag.

Make towel mitts for your cream-coated hands.

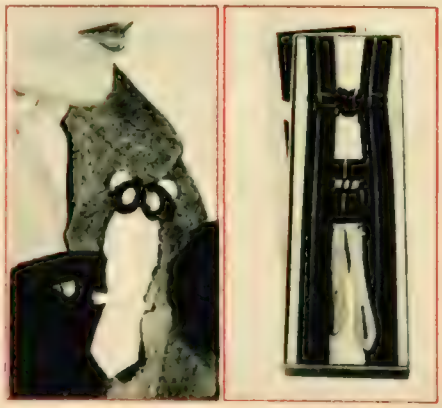
Outline a neckline with small flowers cut from white organdy or piqué. Sew only the centers.

Try three hair bows in three shades of your favorite color, all together.

Very feminine ensemble of springtime forget-me-nots. Very decorative earrings, bracelet, and pin. In chalky pastel blue, these Accessocraft pieces are a find. About $1 each.

Red, white, and blue poker chips make the gay package for a tall bottle of Tailspin cologne, spicy and fresh. About $3. Tailspin silky talc in a chalky bottle. About $1.

Inspired by an ancient and royal cigarette case, this Volupte compact is exquisite in design and workmanship. Choice of colors, enamel on metal. About $3, engraving extra.



A feathered lapel owl whose eyes glow at night—all for a dollar. And for him, Swank elastic braces (all right, suspenders) with two-letter monogram, also a mere one bill.

A pretty bottle, a pretty pink lotion, a pretty smell, and a *petty* price. Use often and have pretty white hands. Why not a bottle upstairs and down? Each 50 cents.

Kenny's fishing tackle. He said yes indeed, he was interested. "I thought you might like to have another look at it," I said. The doorbell rang then, and Charles opened the door, and it was Maudie.

"Why, Mrs. Albright—" I dashed up to her, and quickly shut the door behind her so that neither of them could escape. "You came about the picture frame, I suppose. I didn't expect you until Friday."

"I know," said Mrs. Albright. She was wearing a becoming hat. "Hello, Charles," she added, not looking as surprised as she should have looked. "I just happened to be in this neighborhood—"

☆ MR. ALBRIGHT'S fierce blue eyes were upon her. They were possessive and adoring and resentful.

Hope fanned within me. "I'll go get the picture frame," I murmured as I left them.

I sat down in the bedroom and waited. I didn't exactly listen to what they said, but I have to admit that I eavesdropped on the trend of their conversation.

At first it was staccato. They used the short stabbing sentences of very young tempers. Then came longer sentences, explanatory, almost gentle. Then came the little choking noises of a woman in tears and the soft self-conscious monosyllables of a man consoling her. Then came a laugh, another laugh joining it. But the silence which followed this was an eloquently expressive silence. I sat there happily and waited.

A few minutes later I heard Maudie Albright coming down the foyer. I pretended to be looking for the picture frame.

"Mrs. Johnson!" Maudie burst into the room. She ran over to me and took both of my hands in hers and murmured breathlessly, "Everything is wonderful! Wonderful!"

"I'm so glad," I told her.

I was truly glad. I've never seen a happier face than Maudie Albright's was at that moment. She quieted a little. "I'm terribly grateful to you, Mrs. Johnson. If I hadn't listened to your advice, we probably would have gone right on with the divorce. Here you are, almost a complete stranger, and—"

"Nonsense," I interrupted. "When two people are really in love, trifles can't keep them separated." I handed her the picture frame. "For the living room," I said. "I suppose you'll want to come back here."

"Naturally," she answered. "That is—"

"Mr. Johnson and I won't mind moving," I assured her.

She frowned at my understatement. "You're sure?"

"Positive."

"I'll tell Charles." She started to leave the room. "I'm staying in a hotel now, and Charles is living up in the country."

"Wait," I said suddenly. She paused on the threshold. "Are you sure you want to live here again?" I asked her.

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it."

"Were you happy here?" I heard myself say.

"At first." She paused thoughtfully. "Then we seemed to quarrel a lot. Charles was irritable and so was I. I think we got on each other's nerves."

"Or perhaps it wasn't you and Charles." The words spilled out of my mouth—I couldn't stop them. "You got on each other's nerves because you couldn't relax here. There wasn't any place here for Charles' pipe rack or for your wedding china or for the family you might want to have. You had just been married, and you had a fine setting for a honeymoon. Nobody wants to keep on having a honeymoon. I don't care what any one says about it, the best part of marriage is settling down." She listened quietly, and I thought with complete despair of the bridge I was burning. But I couldn't stop. "Don't come back here. If you want to save your marriage, find a home that's right for the two of you. This isn't. This is a decorator's dream. This is too strong a dose of glamour."

I only remember that she seemed to agree with me. I think she said, "I know what you mean. It doesn't suit us." I think she shook hands with me, and that her husband did too, when I said good-by to them in the foyer.

I remember more clearly that I was filled with panic as the door closed behind them. I went into the living room and sat there, reflected by many mirrors against a background of silver. I couldn't cry. Not even when Kenny came home and found me there. Not even when he said (and it was so sad a joke that I know he was sorry he said it), "Did you sell my fishing tackle?" I wanted to cry, but I couldn't. There were too many Kate Johnsons staring back at me.

☆ I STARTED to tell him about it, but he wouldn't listen. "It didn't suit them," I repeated crazily, and I wished to heaven that we'd never left Valley Spring, Ohio.

"Cheer up, honey," Kenny said. "Here's a laugh for you. Joe phoned me at the office today. 'Something wonderful has happened,' he told me. 'Mildred and I are going to get married.'"

"Something wonderful!" I laughed too. "Why, he won't be able to keep her in bourbon. Why on earth—"

"Listen, sweet," Kenny countered. "Joe likes to be led. Mildred does his thinking for him. He can settle down now and finish his pageant."

"But what will they live on?"

Joe's key in the latch left this question suspended. Mildred, of course, was with him. Joe escorted his lanky fiancée into the living room with a knightly air. "We bought the license," he said. He looked at me. "Did Kenny tell you the news?"

"Well, yes—"

"I saved some of it. Uncle Albert's lawyer called me today. It seems that there was another will. It seems—"

"Heritage," said Mildred, "is the responsibility of the new generation."

"Great guns!" cried Kenny. "You mean he left you something, after all?"

Joe smiled modestly. "Plenty," he assured us.

I smelled something burning, and I had to go into the kitchen to attend the evening's pot roast. I was in there a few minutes later, scraping the charred crust off one side of the meat, when Kenny came in.

He was grinning widely.

"Mrs. Johnson," he asked, "would you hate to move?"

"What do you mean?"

"Move," he said. "Change living quarters, so to speak." I abandoned the roast and stared at him. "The bride fancies our apartment," he explained. "Mildred has just told me that they would like to take over our lease."

"Mildred!"

"Yes, Mildred. It seems Joe asked her what she wanted for a wedding present, and she told him that she wanted to live here. Joe knew we'd be willing, so he agreed."

I began to laugh. Kenny put his arms around me.

"We'll manage, won't we, honey? We can live in a hotel for a while until we see how things work out. If they don't—well, there's always Valley Spring. We can start over."

"I'd like that, too," I told him. The roast, burned but beautiful, I camouflaged with parsley.

☆ WE went back into the living room together.

Kenny played his part handsomely.

"I've convinced Kate," he said. "It's O. K. about the apartment."

"Fine," said Joe. "Let's have a drink."

Mildred looked up at me, and her smile was almost pleasant. I could see the triumph there, and the exalted satisfaction. All her scalding statements had been bred in jealousy. This was what she wanted. Glamour. Luxury. More than anything else she wanted to have what she supposed was the goal of other women.

She had it now. She could smile.

"You don't mind too much, do you?" she asked me. "About the apartment?"

I shook my head.

"I can't let myself, Mildred. We went beyond our depth."

Mildred stretched out luxuriously on the heavy carpet, and leaned her narrow shoulders against the silver wall, encouraged by its support. I could see that she was observing herself in the opposite mirror, and I thought, This is what the decorator really had in mind. Whether he knew it or not, he planned this place for a girl who quotes Karl Marx and a man who is writing a pageant. I looked across at Kenny, and Kenny grinned back at me.

"The American home," I stated decorously, "is the product of the American heart."

THE END

FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD:

A GALLANT LADY CAROLE LOMBARD

WHY DID CAROLE LOMBARD drive herself so furiously? I remember, years ago, when I first asked Adela Rogers St. Johns if she knew the answer. It was on a set at the Columbia studios where Carole was starring in a picture made from a Liberty serial—No More Orchids, by Grace Perkins. That was in 1932—long ago indeed in the lifetime of a star who lived by her beauty and charm as well as by her acting ability and skill. So long ago that she was married to William Powell then—and Clark Gable seemed a long way off.

When I asked Adela to explain this human piece of radium that seemed to give off more and more radiance and energy without losing any native strength, Adela made a strange answer:

"She thinks she will die young."

"How do you know that?"

Adela loves to tell things—what writer doesn't?—but on this point she would not be coaxed. Some months later I became a little better acquainted with Miss Lombard when we were guests at the wedding anniversary of Elsie and the late Ernest Torrence. Then, more than ever, I saw what a comet of explosive charm and attractiveness she was. She will burn herself out before she is thirty, I thought to myself.

Now that Carole is gone, Adela has told me what she meant by saying that Carole did not expect to live to be old. It was a kind of premonition. Adela knew and understood Carole as did few women in Hollywood. Next week she will tell you many interesting things in A Gallant Lady—Carole Lombard.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A BALL TEAM will also be found in next week's Liberty. It is a first-rate biography, too, done by two able and popular sports experts, Waite Hoyt and Frank Graham. They write of the famous Yankees, the greatest ball team in history, with the enthusiasm of true biographers. Here is a story that starts way back and yet lives in the present moment; perhaps the greatest natural in sports stories ever to be told.

Shaw, too, is with us next week in a characteristic discussion of how England is financing her war operations, and raising the question whether we of the democracies will ever get enough sense through our heads to win a really lasting peace. Walter Karig gives you an inside glimpse into censorship and its master in the United States in a lively article, What Price Censorship? Fred Allen tells you the jokes he has found most reliable in his long career as a comedian. An ex-convict points up a serious problem resulting from the fact that Ex-Cons Must Eat. Morris Markey tells more about the mysteries of Lourdes—and then, on top of all these features there is an especially fine selection of fiction stories.

Sold for a Song is a complete novelette by Allan Vaughan Elston, and American Moment is a fine thrilling short story.

These, together with a fine short short and a large installment of Elswyth Thane's fine novel, From This Day Forward, make up an issue that we all hope you will greatly enjoy.

SALMAGUNDI: Keep your eye on the big show being planned for Madison Square Garden on March 10. It is to be a performance for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society and can well be made a model for similar efforts throughout the country. Behind the planning of this great affair is a committee of theatrical and Navy Relief officials, and the inspiring drive behind the committee is the restless, intense, and energetic Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell. Good luck to this great project and may there be more of them. . . . Found the time the other night to read The Last Tycoon, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. For devotees of Fitzgerald, this volume is of peculiar interest. It is possible, as others have claimed, that this might have been a greater novel. That could be said of any book. At any rate, this one is valuable if only for the author's notes and work sheets—to say nothing of the reprints of many of his best stories. . . . "A gentleman is disposed to resent an insult. Do not ask him 'How do you feel?' That is rank impudence; it only concerns him and no one else, except only the physician he calls for treatment. . . . Remember impudence is never good manners." From a chapter called Good Morals and Gentle Manners in a book called The Finished Scholar, by William H. Murray (Alfalfa Bill), former Governor of Oklahoma.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

Wine—as friendly as a letter from home

People nowadays find contentment and relaxation in a moderate glass of wine

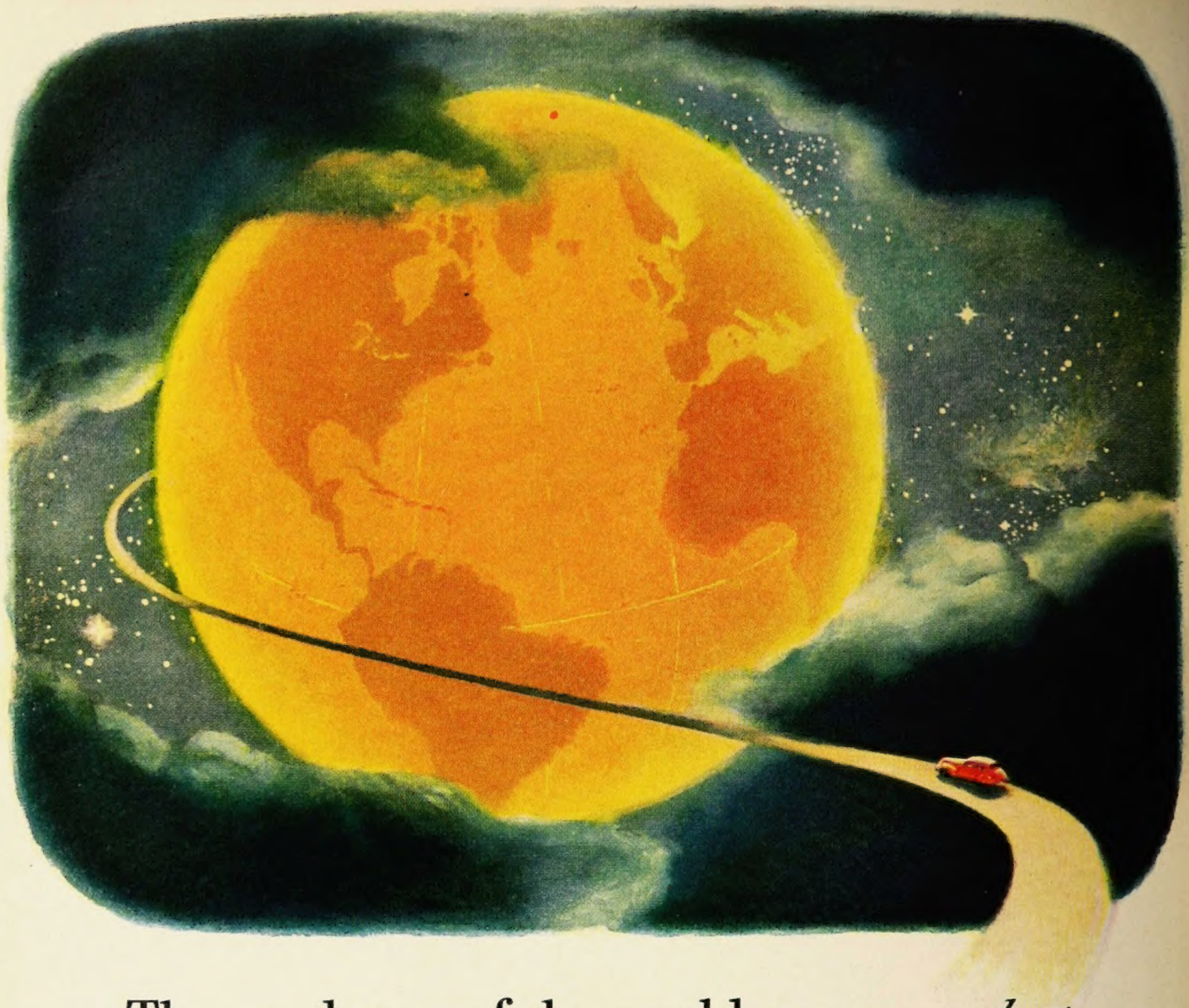
It's good to find a custom that helps us drop the day's tensions, and draw closer together. Maybe that is the biggest reason more and more people like to share wine.

Raise a glass of wine to your lips. The glamour of fascinating color and delicate bouquet meets you. You discover a taste well blessed in interest. More important, as you sip wine you come to know it is made on purpose for friendship. Made for the kind of moderate relaxation most of us want today.

To enjoy wine most, serve it simply. A new booklet on wine serving is free. Write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The board represents all the wine growers of California.

What kind of wine to choose? Those who know wine best say the wines of California are excellent by any standard in the world. Your dealer will help you select.

The world's most famous all-occasion wine is shown here. Nutlike Sherry is tops as an appetizer before dinner, or as a refreshment wine in the evening. At meals, the light table wines are best. Red Claret or Burgundy with meats. White Sauterne or Rhine wine with sea food or chicken



The roadways of the world are *worn deep* with Studebaker wheel marks

STUDEBAKER has written its share of history on the roadways of the world. No name in transportation is more closely linked with stirring deeds.

Through times of crisis and of triumph—under the dark clouds of war and the clear skies of peace—and in the vanguard of exploration and commercial development, Studebaker cars and trucks have notably contributed to the march of progress.

For ninety years, Studebaker has played a part in our nation's tremendous expansion—and Studebaker, to the best of its abilities, is pledged to help keep our flag of freedom flying now.

One of the earliest organizations to read the magic implications of the "horseless carriage", Studebaker did much to stimulate and hasten its development. In fact, every motorized vehicle in the world today reflects the contributions of Studebaker's unceasing pioneering.

This month, as Studebaker celebrates its ninetieth birthday, a new challenge must be met—and all that we have and are is thrown into the common effort.

Together we Americans will write new history on the world's roadways.

Studebaker's 90th Anniversary

1852 ★ 1942